

# The Young Worker

Official Organ of The Young Worker's League



SEPTEMBER, 1923

PRICE 10 CENTS



# YOUNG WORKER!

Line Up With the Revolutionary Youth!

Don't Be a Tool, In Your Boss' Hands!

You are slaving away in the factory or in the mine or on the field. You are being exploited to the utmost, as much as flesh and blood can stand. You work long and weary hours, under the poorest conditions, and are paid the lowest wages. While the glorious days of your youth are being wasted away in order that your bloated boss may add to his bursting pocketbook, you are being poisoned by the lying stories of the newspapers, and the illusions of the schools and the moving pictures. Your ears are being filled with rosy visions of a never-to-be Future. You are being advised to join organizations created and controlled

by your masters, in order that you may be kept from knowing the truth of your position.

Don't let yourself be fooled by the lies of your masters. The "future" which is held in store for you is more exploitation, more misery, more work, a denial of better things in life. Unemployment, disease, health-destroying occupations, and the sufferings of murderous wars are your lot.

Take your stand against this horrible system! Organize! Join the organization of the class-conscious young workers:

## YOUNG WORKERS LEAGUE OF AMERICA

The Young Workers League of America proposes to organize, to educate, to train the working class youth so that they may some day eliminate a system under which the millions slave and starve and perish in order that the few, the parasites, who do not work, may live in luxury from the good things of life which YOU produce.

The League has branches in almost every industrial

center of the country. It is composed of young workers between the ages of 14 and 30. It is YOUR movement, and your place is in its ranks.

Line up with the revolutionary youth! Join us in the struggle for the freedom of the working class! Become an active member—NOW!

For further information, write to the

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# THE YOUNG WORKER

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SEPTEMBER

No. 9

## To the National Executive Committee of the Young Workers League of America

Moscow, June 28, 1923.

Dear Comrades:—

We have received the decisions of your convention, and, after a thoro perusal, we are convinced that this convention has fulfilled all expectations and indeed been a great step forwards.

What do we consider the main significance of this convention? It lies in the fact that the League for the first time has realized its tasks as an organization and leader of the broad masses of the working class youth in the daily struggle against capitalism, and that it has definitely started to fulfil these tasks.

Furthermore, the League has reiterated its declaration of sympathy with the Y. C. I. and announced that under more favorable conditions it will establish an even closer connection with it. The League has acted correctly in this. Recent experiences and especially the Hamburg Conference have shown quite clearly that there is only one real International of the working class youth—the Young Communist International.

We must stress once more the necessity of the work among the masses and again express our opinion on this subject. It is true that the situation of the young workers in America in some respects (wages) is better than that of the young workers in Austria and Germany, for instance; but in many respects it is worse, and in general there is everywhere the necessity of a militant struggle for our demands. If you will therefore follow our suggestions, based on the experience of our sections in all countries, then, comrades, start with all possible vigor the propoganda for our economic demands, the work in the trade unions and the organization of the shop nuclei. We welcome your open letter to Gompers and the fact that you are commencing a campaign against Child Labor with the International Children's Week. The open letter will constitute an excellent basis for your trade union work.

The organization of nuclei is the second of the important tasks resulting from our main aims—gaining a foothold in the masses of the young workers. Our advice is: Pay the greatest attention to the organization of shop nuclei! Accept the slogan of the Y. C. I.: "Every shop our stronghold!" The nuclei will improve and enliven your entire organization. You will step forward on the road to a real mass organization. We trust

that before long you will be able to report actual successes on this field.

In this connection we wish to express our opinion on another matter of no less importance, the composition of your League and the strengthening of the proletarian element both within the ranks and the leading bodies. In your League there are today a great number of intellectuals (pupils, students). We fully realize the great significance of the intellectuals for the proletarian revolution, but you will agree with us, that the proletarian elements must play the main role in the communist movement and that generally the intellectuals must be assistants only and not leaders. Your convention has already made some progress in this direction and we consider that you should take still further steps in this direction and systematically work for the strengthening of the proletarian element in your League.

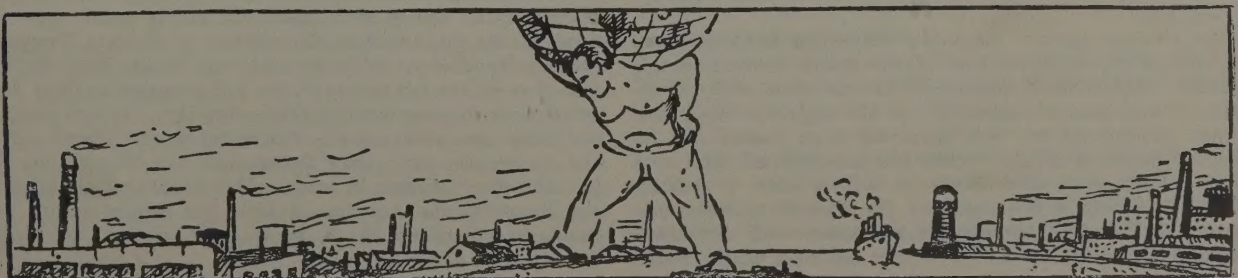
Also on the field of the anti-militarist work you are in our opinion, confronted with concrete tasks. You must carry on an energetic fight against the extensive patriotic-militarist propaganda and training which is fostered amongst the working class youth by the bourgeoisie. American militarism in all its aspects is just the same as those of the other imperialist states.

These are the remarks we wish to make on the decisions of your convention which, generally, constitute success.

We furthermore wish to emphasize that we consider it one of the most important tasks of the Young Workers League of America to maintain a close and practical connection to the Workers Party. Participation of the League in all the problems and struggles of the Party, in the entire life of the Party, active support of the Party by the League in all problems, no isolation of the League from the Party and vice-versa—these are the guarantees for a successful development of the Young Workers League and the Workers Party of America.

With communist greetings,

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE  
YOUNG COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL







# INTERNATIONAL YOUTH DAY, 1923

BY MARTIN ABERN

**I**NTERNATIONAL Youth Day, to be celebrated this year in America on Sunday, September 2, is the day of days of the young revolutionary workers of the world. International Youth day has an immense historical significance, not only to the young Communists throughout the world, but also to every class-conscious man and woman in every land. For it was at Berne, Switzerland, in 1915 that the International Union of Socialist Youth was formed and issued the revolutionary slogan of the workers against the capitalist wars then raging: "War against the war!" This was the first real sign of a reawakening of the class revolutionary spirit of the workers in blood-swept Europe. The revolutionary youth, true to the traditions of the ages, were rallying once again round the red banner of revolution. International Youth Day, the first *real* international demonstration against the World Imperialist War, against the Social-democratic traitors, against the capitalist class, was the forerunner of the now mighty Young and Communist Internationals.

Nine years ago, then, revolutionary militancy reasserted itself once more and started out on the road to power—for All Power to the Workers. Each succeeding year has seen the demonstrations and struggles against capitalism and militarism grow ever greater. In Europe the lords of capitalism are slowly but surely bending their knees under the pressure of the growing power of the proletariat. In the Near and Far East capitalism trembles for itself before a tremendous intellectual and physical awakening of the Oriental masses. Triumphant Soviet Russia stands erect and points the road for all workers to follow to free themselves from poverty, misery and exploitation.

In America understanding of the meaning of International Youth Day has grown greatly. The Young Workers League of America, the expression of the revolutionary youth of America, has done much to popularize the significance of International Youth Day and to cause thousands to support the cause which this day stands for.

In America the task of the young workers in connection with this revolutionary day is somewhat different than that in Europe. American capitalism, baby-snatcher and murderer, still rules over the masses of the workers and farmers. With undreamed-of thickheadedness the American capitalists and its tool, the United States government, continue the policy of the gun, rope, torch and other pleasant and sleep-producing instruments of democracy, against the working class, whether it be when communists call for a new form of society and government, Sovietism, or in times of common industrial conflict—strikes, etc.

The struggle against the vastly increasing militarism and reaction is an immediate task of the young workers in this country. Reduction of armaments has not come with the so-called Washington Disarmament; on the contrary, the United States Government has only discarded some useless and ineffective means of life-destruction and has replaced them with more delicate ones—such kinds as will be able to murder thousands within a few minutes. Its aircraft is being perfected, not to speed friendly communication with our fellow beings in other countries, but to toss the most deadly bombs

upon masses of helpless soldiers, workers, of an "enemy" country; or even, as is most probable, upon hundreds of thousands of non-combatant populations in villages and cities. Chemical gas, too, a mere plaything. Wait till "our government" perfects a germ bomb. Then watch our smoke in doing away with the soldier-workers!

All the signs of early war, which we need not fully go into here now, are to be found in the conflicts between England and the United States over oil, between England and France in the Ruhr, between America, England and France over the Ruhr, the Balkan turmoils, the recent actions of England (Lord Curzon's note), which indicate another struggle of counter-revolution against the Russian proletariat, and many others.

There is, then, the necessity both for the young and old workers to point out this danger of World War again sweeping the world and to commence a real united struggle against an increase of armaments, etc. Just how effective our campaign may be is difficult to say. But it is certain that the workers are going to learn much indeed about "their country and their government" when they find how little effect their words of protest have upon the capitalists and their hirelings. Thru understanding the horrors of the increasing militarism, thru their inability to convince "by reason and suasion" that the government should call a halt in its expenditures for the army, navy, air departments and others, the workers will begin to realize that more effective weapons against war will have to be employed. They will learn that they will have to use their unions and other economic and organizational strength against war. They will be taught the necessity of struggling to prevent the manufacture and transportation of munitions, the boycott, the general strike against war and reaction, and so on.

For the young American youth there is the battle against compulsory military training in the schools, the campaign against the training camps, where unthinking workers or conscious capitalist tools are taught to shoot and bayonet—for later use on striking workers. The Boy Scouts of America remain to-day as one of the greatest dope-pots of the young American boys. The American Sentinels, another off the dung-heap of reaction, are a similar lot, slightly older in years—that is, all ready to be used as scabs and scavengers and murderers for capitalist profits. "Hell'n-Maria" Dawes, the loud-talking reptile, is foaming like a mad dog again, and organizing his "Minute Men" to do lickspittle service for the bosses. These are "minute men" who stand for all that is rotten and scummy and reactionary in America, men ready to shoot down workers assembling to uphold even these few rights which crept by accident into the American Constitution of Private Property. "Minute Men"—very unlike indeed those "Minute Men" of 1776, who were on the job for revolution and progress in those days and against the reactionary British oligarchy. Yes, one hundred and forty-seven years ago men fought for liberty. One hundred and forty-seven years later the workers are still fighting for it. And their struggle is, among other ones, against the modern Hessians: the American Legion, the Dawes' crew, Boy Scouts and Sentinels, the Y. M. C. A. "Christian" war lovers and others of the same smear.



International Youth Day in America can be made too in America, the day upon which the American youth asserts its independence from militarism and reaction. On September 2, 1923, let the American youth enter into the International Action against despotism and exploitation. Our battles, though many and hard, can be won. Europe's revolutionary youth is girding its loins in preparation for the final conflict with capitalism. The revolutionary young workers of America are also preparing for the Day of Revolution. Till then, there are many immediate battles to be fought and won. There is the struggle

for the abolition of Child Labor and for the organization of youth labor into the unions and politically.

The ninth year of demonstration of International Youth Day is here. In America this day calls for the initiation of a real battle against all the existing institutions, individually and collectively, which to-day throttle the minds and bodies of the millions of American youth.

War against reaction! War against capitalist militarism! The struggle calls—On, on and on to victory over capitalism. Forward to Communism!

## The "Kid" Worker

By HENRY SANDERS

TONY'S school days were over. This was the second time that he had been left back and his father had told him he'd better get a job. Well, Tony didn't care, half of the time he used to play hooky anyway. The only time he liked school, was the day when there was shop or physical training. To listen to a lot of geography or history, or do examples, day after day, was just dead stuff to him.

Why didn't the teacher give him more shop work, work with tools and wood? They didn't care what he liked, so why should he care to go and learn what they wanted.

This was the way Tony thought, when his father told him he'd have to look for a job in the morning.

When Tony, after the third day, returned home without a job, his father's temper and tongue broke loose: "You must be a fool, if you can't find a job in three days. What you need is a good beating." Tony turned pale, a beating from his father was brutal. This time however he was destined to escape it, for his mother stepped in between them. "Look here," she said to the self-made boss of the house, "If you're in such a hurry for him to go to work, go out and find a job for him yourself." This rebuke knocked the wind out of him. Sitting down on a chair he answered in an angry voice. "You're crazy, you're going to make a damn fool of him."

Tony went out of the house the next morning with a heavy heart. He had never thought that it was so hard to get a job. With almost half of the day past and nothing having turned up, he was starting in to swear at his luck, when his eye caught a sign across the street which read, HELP WANTED. These two words he had read more than once before. He got up enough "nerve" to open the door and walk in. Once in, he did not know what to do. He just stood there and looked about. A loud voice suddenly made him look up into the face of a tall man. "Well, what do you want?" the man shouted, so he could be heard above the noise.

"A job," Tony screamed back, his whole body trembling. "How much do you want," was the next question. "Fourteen a week." "All right, when do you want to start." "Right now." "All right, come on, I'll show you what to do."

Tony's work consisted in cutting long iron tubes, with an electric saw. At first it was rather difficult to watch the marks on the tubes which told him where to cut, and at the same time keep his fingers out of the way of the saw. In a few weeks however, after suffering from many cuts on his hands, he became so unconcerned about it, that he could do the work with his eyes shut. There was another thing, that, although not holding fear for him like the saw, sickened him. That was the dust, which filled his nose, his throat, and mouth. Thus it was that he started in to chew tobacco. One of the men had told him that "chewing would keep the dust out of his mouth."

After Tony had worked for some time, he found out that he was being cheated. One of the workmen had told him that the fellow who operated the saw before him, had received eighteen a week. "But," said the fellow workman lowering his voice, "the boss always watched out for young fellows," he could always hire them cheaper than men." Something in Tony seemed to flame up, and he said, "Wait until pay day comes 'round, I'll ask the boss for the eighteen a week that is coming to me." "You won't get it," he was told. "Then I'll quit," he answered quickly. "Quit, that won't scare the boss," he was laughingly told. A hatred came over him for this man who laughed.

Pay day came around and Tony was a bit nervous as he thought over and over to himself what he would say. As Tony took the pay envelope he asked the boss if he could speak to him. "What do you want?" he asked, looking at Tony.

"I want my pay to be raised," answered Tony, his body growing warm, and his heart pounding as though he had just come in from a race.

"Why, don't you get enough?" he was asked in a tone that was starting in to grow angry.

"No, I want the regular pay that the man before me got for handling the saw," answered Tony in a voice that sounded rather weak to him.

"You do, well who the hell ever put such an idea into your head? Don't forget you're only a kid and not a man," came back from the boss with a mocking laugh.

Here Tony almost lost courage; but something within him seemed to thrust the words out of his mouth. "But don't I do the same work as a man?"

"That's enough. I can get enough kids for fourteen a week. Get out of here, you're fired," the boss shot back.

Tony turned towards the workmen who were watching, expecting help. But they only moved out of his way so that he could pass.

\* \* \* \* \*

He was angry, not at the boss who had fired him, but at the silent workmen. There they stood, letting him be kicked out for defending his rights.

Even after having got a beating from his father for being such a "damn fool," he still thought of those silent men; he was angered and wondered why . . .

Little by little, youth frees itself. It flings overboard its prejudices and it begins to criticize. Thought re-awakens, at first among the few, but usually the awakening reaches the majority. The impulse is given, the revolution follows.

—Peter Kropotkin.



## For a Mass Organization

By NAT KAPLAN.

**I**T MAY prove of value to again reiterate that the real significance of a convention is vested in the amount of time and energy exerted in the carrying-out of its decisions.

Among the decisions of the last national convention of the Young Workers' League of America, the following may be classified as those that tend to put us squarely on record as the Young Communist movement of this country. They are: Economic demands of the working class youth; the reorganization on the basis of shop nuclei; the organization of the workers' children's sections; anti-militarism program; sports activity; betterment of our press; the work among the foreign-speaking youth, and a stronger and better co-operation between the League and the Workers' Party of America.

The immensity of this task is too often magnified by those of our comrades who hitherto have made a bluff at participating in the class struggle. The height of Communist activity to the minds of such comrades has been the recitation of "The Raven" by Edgar Allan Poe at a branch meeting once a week, or participation in a lecture on "The Care of the Teeth," rendered by some local dentist hunting for trade.

To those of our comrades who are determined to put our program into effect, there is no such problem as the immensity of the task. It becomes part and parcel of their daily Communist activity.

### The Basis of the Task.

The decisions of the convention are based solely on a survey of the present stage of capitalist development throughout the world, and is especially adapted to the American situation.

Hence, we find that through these decisions we challenge Capitalism on every field of its reactionary development, from the public school classroom to the hell-holes of industry.

### From an Organizational Viewpoint.

Although, as already stated, the immensity of the task is not a hindrance to a realization of it, yet, if we were asked, "Is our organizational strength of such a character that we can engage ourselves in so many activities with hope of success?" our answer would have to be: "We can only meet with success in our activities to the degree that we have organizational strength, and we can only gain organizational strength through an ever-greater participation in our activities."

I remember the day prior to the second national convention of the Workers' Party. It was the aftermath of a committee meeting that had worked out the technical arrangements for the convention. A few of us, including Comrade Ruthenberg, executive secretary of the party, Krumbein, Amter and others, were seated in the lunchroom of the Queens County Labor Lyceum, New York, over a repast of pigs' snouts and sauerkraut. The subject of conversation was the many campaigns that the Central Executive Committee of the party would present to the convention the following day. At that time I was the assistant to the District 2 organizer and could therefore pluck up enough courage to ask Ruthenberg how he expected a party organizer to go out and convince certain weak locals that it was their duty to put into effect such a conglomeration of campaigns. He smiled at me and said: "In such cases, our first duty would be to strengthen our organization, at the same time using our campaigns as an instrument in accomplishing it."

Comrade Ruthenberg has always been an organization man, first. In an article by him in the July 30th "Worker," he makes an appeal for organizational strength. He points out

that it is not enough that the Workers' Party should be able to influence tens of thousands of workers in favor of amalgamation and a labor party. We must take advantage of the influence gained in our campaigns to increase the membership of the party many times over the 20,000 mark.

Hence, in looking toward the party for political guidance, we also get a few points on organizational matters that we cannot ignore.

On September 2, we, the Young Workers' League, will engage ourselves in a nation-wide demonstration against Militarism and Reaction, which is the specific task of this year's International Youth Day. During the course of the year we enter into various other campaigns of the youth. Let us determine that we will utilize our campaigns as the mediums for attaining a bigger and better organization.

### The Decisions for a Mass Organization.

We now realize that the two thousand members in our ranks are only a dot in space, compared to the great mass of the young wage slaves in this country, and have concluded that we must find strength at any cost.

The question which may then arise is: Do we wish to strengthen our organization by admitting a membership that craves for lectures on the care of the teeth, or do we wish to invade the factories and win into our ranks the younger strata of the proletariat?

We are no doubt unanimously in favor of the latter.

If we are agreed that our immediate task is to secure organizational strength by adding masses of the young workers to our ranks, then our problem is simplified, for all we have to do is to utilize the decisions of our convention, which lay the basis for this organization work.

Let us glance over the decisions again and pick out those whose titles bear the word organization in any form whatever.

We have now segregated the following: (1) Reorganization on the basis of shop nuclei, and, (2) the organization of the workers' children's sections. It is these two tasks that we must specialize in if we are to be successful in strengthening our organization.

Considering point 1, it may be well to say that it is only when the basic unit of our organization is within the shop that we can even hope to win over the great mass of the young workers in this country.

It is the starting point for the attainment of a mass organization and, therefore, is the only medium for turning into a living reality the heretofore empty phrase, "Participation in the Daily Struggles of the Workers." Let us start this reorganization now.

The organization of the workers' children comes next in importance in our specialization of those of our decisions that tend toward the strengthening of our organization. For it is a truism that in building up our league we should prepare ourselves with a recruiting organization of the younger comrades, from which we can obtain a continual flow of new blood into our ranks. Furthermore, did it ever occur to you that there are possibilities of a Children's Mass Organization in this country that could organize nation-wide campaigns against the Nationalist Anti-Labor propaganda of the Public Schools and conduct huge demonstrations against Child Labor? It is being done in other countries. Why not here?

Comrades! The task before us is not a monstrosity of isolated campaigns which can be argued out of existence because of its immensity. It is a systematic, departmentalized fight tending toward the realization of our life-breathing slogan: "For a Mass Organization."

Let that slogan ring in our ears as we buckle down to the task.



# A Modern Fable

By ALFRED TIALA.

**N**OT SO long ago a certain farmer and his good wife lived in the land of No-Liberty. They had five sons. They had worked very hard all their lives, and just as soon as the boys were able to so much as hold up a calf's tail the boys had to leave off play and work all day long from early morning until after sundown.

While the farmer and his wife were young, they worked rather happily, for they hoped that when the boys grew up the burden of hard toil would be taken off their lives. But things did not become better as they hoped, although the boys worked hard and willingly.

The trouble was that in the city lived a terrible ogre, named Bigbelly Moneybags, who said that he owned the farm on which the farmer and his wife and their five sons lived. This ogre took away from the farmer almost everything that the farmer and his family could grow on the farm and he gave them nothing for it. The farmer and his wife and their five sons got poorer and poorer, while the ogre became richer and richer.

Now, Bigbelly Moneybags was not the usual horrible-looking kind of ogre of whom you usually read. Despite a flabby double chin and a beer-barrel kind of waist, and rather weak, wobbling legs, he looked more like a human being than anything else. There was something about his small eyes and puffed cheeks that made him resemble a hog, but since he never grunted it cannot be said that he was a pork-bearing animal. He had a wife, a son and a daughter. He and his family never worked. They had lots to eat, though—the food they took away from the farmer. This made them sleek and fat. And they wore the very best of clothes. They had many automobiles and horses. On Sundays they always went to church and prayed hard. The ogre said he was a particular friend of another ogre named God Almighty, and he prayed to this other ogre if he was not too tired. When Bigbelly Moneybags was tired, God Almighty had to wait.

The ogre also made the farmer and his family pray to the other ogre, whether they were tired or not. But God Almighty, for all that, never seemed to become the farmer's friend. Anyway, the farmer could not prosper. While Bigbelly Moneybags grew richer and richer and fatter and fatter, the farmer grew thinner and thinner and poorer and poorer.

At last the farmer and his family were just about starving. So one day the farmer called all his sons to him and said:

"It is quite plain that we cannot make a living at farming. We grow heaps of grain and potatoes; we get eggs and milk and butter, but it all goes to the ogre who lives in the city. Therefore let us leave the farm, and we'll go to some city where all of you can work and earn. There we'll get along splendidly."

Thus they decided to depart. The farmer's wife cried a little when they were leaving the old farm on which they had lived so long—at leaving the scrawny cows, the horse and pigs. She was willing enough to leave, just the same, for she hoped for better times ahead in the big city.

The boys, who were great, big, stalwart young men by now, had no great difficulty in getting work. The oldest of the boys found employment on a railroad. The second went to a nearby coal mine. The third went to work in a sawmill. The fourth in a flour mill. And the fifth, the youngest of the farmer's sons, was given work to lay the concrete sidewalks of the city.

For a while things seemed to be going on fairly well. The farmer was a little better off than he had been on the farm.

But bye and bye more young men began to come from the farms to the city. And as soon as there were plenty of young men wanting work, wages began to go down and down. Before long the farmer and his wife found out that they had to starve themselves and to wear poor clothing, just as they had done out in the country.

They soon found out that Bigbelly Moneybags, the ogre who had taken everything away from them on the farm, was also taking everything away from them in the city. This made the farmer and his sons very mad.

The oldest son, who was working on the railroad, became angry first. He went to the ogre's house and called to the ogre to come out and fight. But Bigbelly Moneybags sent out two of his friends—Pillar-of-Church and Daily-Paper, who told the railroading man that Bigbelly Moneybags did not want to fight because he was a good Christian and loved peace more than anything else in the world. At first the farmer's oldest son believed what the two nice-looking men said, but finally he realized that they were just trying to stall him off. Then he got real angry. He called the ogre a coward and bully, kicked Pillar-of-Church and Daily-Paper aside and rushed for the house.

He got just half-way into the yard of the ogre, when from behind the bushes of Law-and-Order and People's-Government rushed a whole crowd of human beings at him. He was startled at first because he saw Good-Judge and Good-Senator and many others whom he had thought his friends. Behind the others came a swarm of Hero-Soldiers.

The farmer's son had to fight whether he wanted to or not, for he had gotten himself in bad with the ogre. Bigbelly Moneybags now stood in full view on his back porch and urged Good-Judge, Good-Senator and the Hero-Soldiers to pounce upon the railroad man. The farmer's son was no match for the whole lot of them. He was badly beaten, and when he called enough he was still given a few more blows for good measure and then permitted to depart.

Good-Judge, Good-Senator and the Hero-Soldiers again sneaked behind the bushes of Law-and-Order and People's-Government, where they could not be seen, so that no one would know that the ogre was a wicked being who kept them there to fight for him.

One after another the five farmer's sons came to fight Bigbelly Moneybags. And each of them in turn was thrashed in the same manner that the oldest had been thrashed. The youngest son, he who laid concrete walks, fought hardest because he always had to work hardest for the least pay, so he was angriest of them all. No one of them ever got near enough to the ogre to give him a lick. It seemed that the ogre was too smart for them.

When the five sons were all beaten in the fight, things started to get even worse than they had been for the farmer and his family. The ogre bought new cars and new horses, and he ate more than ever. Also, he fitted out a ship to go to a far-off foreign land to get a prince to take his daughter's hand. This cost him an immense amount of money. Just because he had beaten the railroad man, the miner, the mill man and the common worker, he thought he was equal to all the kings; and so his daughter had to have a prince. He got his money by taking away from the farmer's sons what they made in their work, just as he had taken away everything the farmer grew on the farm.

The farmer and his wife were getting poorer. Their health became bad. Bye and bye they could no longer get on



from bed. The farmer knew he was going to die. But one day a bright idea came to him. He called his sons to the bedside.

"Get five good, strong sticks," he said to them, "and tie them into a firm bundle."

The sons did as their father asked them to do, but they wondered what it was all about. They could not imagine that their father would try to spank them any more.

The farmer handed the bundle of sticks to the oldest son and said: "Break it."

The oldest son, who worked on the railroad and was as strong as could be, tried and tried, but he could not break the bundle of sticks.

Next the farmer gave the bundle of sticks to the second son. Then to the third, the fourth, and to the youngest son. No one of them could even make the sticks bend.

At this the old farmer appeared pleased. He smiled, like

kind fathers smile, and said: "In the same way you have each tried alone to fight the ogre and you only got licked." He untied the bundle and gave each of his sons one of the sticks. "Now try to break them."

The sons tugged and tugged at the tough hickory sticks and finally each one of them succeeded in breaking his stick; and so the five sticks were broken.

Again the farmer was much pleased. "See," he remarked, "What you cannot do separately you can do together. In the same way, no one of you can fight the ogre alone. His friends, Good-Judge, Good-Senator and the Soldier-Heroes are too much for you. You must unite in a plan of action. Just as you broke the sticks together. In union is strength—"

The broken-down old man seemed to want to say more but death sealed his lips. The sons moved about thoughtfully, pondering over their father's last words. Occasionally they cast glances in the direction where the ogre lived.

## The Problems of Canada's Youth

By LESLIE MORRIS

Secretary of the Young Communist League of Canada

**I**N common with the youth of every capitalist country of the world, the working class youth of Canada compose the element of the working class subjected to the greatest degree of exploitation.

Although the country has as yet only slightly developed, and the vast natural resources hardly touched, in the east industrial conditions prevail, which are as damnable as any that exist in the countries where capitalism is more mature. The exact condition of the agricultural young workers who form the great majority is hard to determine, owing to the almost completely isolated lives they lead. Suffice it to say that the stories of hardship and cruelty that leak out from time to time prove that their condition is one of unendurable hardship. With long hours, sometimes extending to more than twelve hours a day, low wages, and completely at the mercy of the whims of the particular farmer with whom they may be working, their condition is one that calls for both publicity and action upon the part of the Young Communist League. The large majority of these young slaves are recruited from the orphanages that a benevolent master class institute in Great Britain for the purpose of supplying the colonies with a plentiful and cheap amount of agricultural serfs. The Salvation Army, Dr. Barnardo's Home for Orphans, and other like organizations have regular institutions and channels for the purpose of shipping thousands of waifs annually to the Canadian labor market, where they arrive possessed of every illusion in the world regarding their future, and constituting admirable scabs and cheap labor. They are first given a vocational training, the expense of which is born by the British government, and are sent direct to Canadian farms, where they work for the sum of fifteen dollars a month. For two years they have had deducted from their despicably low wages the cost of the training.

This policy is countenanced and encouraged by both the British and Canadian government, the former providing for the policy by means of an Empire Settlement Act, and the latter by the Dominion Immigration Policy. So the mother country and the colonies work hand in hand in duping the young workers in England, and providing for the development of Canada at the expense of the lives of the young workers of both countries. During the time of harvest, when the grain brokers reap their millions, thousands of youths are rushed from the East to the West, lured by the accounts of the prospects that harvest time holds, only to become completely disillusioned and to find themselves stranded upon the streets during the bitter winter.

Upon the economic field conditions are even worse, and are more flagrant because they are industrial, and take place within the heart of the most thickly populated sections of the country. In the thousands of petty concerns and industries that exist are to be found girls and boys under the age of eighteen earning even less than nine dollars a week. In the great firms that employ thousands of youths, the average wages paid are in the majority of cases less than ten dollars a week. The province of Ontario contain the greatest number of industrial workers, and the Minimum Wage Act enacted by a Farmer-Labor Government provides for the payment of wages in the textile industry (to quote at random) for experienced employees of 18 years or over the amount of \$11.00 a week, for inexperienced workers of the same age, \$9.00 a week, and for inexperienced employees under 18, \$6.00 per week. This state of affairs is typical of every industry, and constitute a wage scale, that, in relation to the standard of living at the present time, is below that of pre-war days. This is in addition to the widespread unemployment that exists.

The jingoistic and militaristic training received is perhaps even more intense than that given in your own democratic country. A few months ago, a famous British general, an expert in the art of slaughter, was touring the country for an obvious purpose. Speaking to a body of college cadets, he made the statement that "The boy who can shoot the straightest and hit the hardest will be the ideal Canadian citizen of the future." This sums up even better than we can do the attitude of the bourgeoisie and the warmongers towards the cannon fodder of the future. Partiality is shown almost universally to school teachers and principals who have typical bourgeois mentality, and are accomplished lickspittles. Students are victimized if they fail to pander the dope of the Imperialists and refuse to participate in the Canadian movement. The bourgeoisie of Canada, prompted by the growing influence of Wall Street, are taking no chances for the future, and are ensuring the future success of Canadian capitalism by conducting a strenuous campaign to win the minds and bodies of the young proletarians of Canada.

This is the situation that faces the YCL in Canada. We recognize the necessity of giving publicity to these facts, of forcing the trade unions to organize the unorganized youth, and to build up a fighting front of young workers that will prevent forever the ravishment of our class by a gang of morons that at the present time control the economic life of Canada.



# The Street and Main Street

By A. THORNE

It was a long night—a night that now shrank before the creeping grayness of morning; a night that sank its infectious nails into my flesh; a night whose suffocating breath had filled my lungs and left me gasping.

The indistinct outline of uniform buildings cut dimly against an indifferent sky.

The cowering street held its breath. Only the rat-tat-tat of a venturesome vehicle echoed strangely thru the heavy stillness; only the tottering figure of a late pedestrian stumbled on thru the deserted street.

It seemed so long since we had ventured into the domain of the night—the tenderloin. It seemed so long since we had made the determination to leave the barn, where we had hitherto found shelter from the traitorously cold May night. And yet so clear were the impressions from the very beginning of that memorable night. So sharp, so vivid, that not only a night but eternity itself would be impotent to erase.

\* \* \*

We restlessly tossed about in the stench of the rotting hay. The rats squeaked in a nerve-racking chorus as they rustled hither and thither. And the wind stole in thru the cracks in thin, sharp blades. We silently shivered thru the repulsive blackness of the barn. We wrapped the ragged coats tighter about us and moved closer to each other. But sleep did not come.

Hunger! horrible, brutal, relentless.

Go, go! it urged—fill your belly. Neither sleep nor rest will you find till you've filled your guts. I am your lord, your master, when I command, you will obey! Who has not killed when I commanded? Who has not stolen when I came? Go! Go!

Yi-yi-yi-yi, squeaked the rats in a maddening chorus, and the keen blades of the wind cut deeper, sharper . . .

We went; it was not yet late in the night. Hunger had driven us early into the barn that evening, and chased us forth again before the night was fully here.

"Come on, let's go!" came from my friend, breaking the long-drawn silence. There was a ring of hope in his voice.

I waited expectantly.

"I'll sing, we'll hit the gin mills down in the city, and perhaps we will be rewarded with the price of a meal."

We went . . . we were hungry . . .

\* \* \*

The street gradually emerged from a day of drudgery. It lay stripped, ready for a night of dissipation.

It had grown bolder with the advance of night. Saloon doors ceaselessly swung back and forth to the steady accompaniment of clinking glasses. Women stood out in doorways of dark, yawning halls, boldly inviting passersby to enter. Occasionally one would stop, bargain a while, to be swallowed in the sinister blackness of the house . . .

\* \* \*

"Have another one!" We did. We drank hard cider that tasted repulsively and soured the insides of an empty stomach.

I was growing ill. My head swam in the smoke laden atmosphere of the dingy low-ceilinged room. The hunger of the evening had lost its sharpness. I was tired, exhausted, neutralized. I sat down, and watched through heavy eyelids the stranger who was paying for the drinks.

That he was a stranger could be plainly seen. His ample stomach; the heavy gold chain that dangled there; the thick roll of bills that he flashed when paying for drinks; the well-fit

suit—his very bearing betrayed him as a stranger—a stranger from Main Street—this fat, boisterous gentleman. And every time he drew forth the fat roll a dozen eyes narrowed greedily—a dozen limbs grew tense. Eyes that raced up and down the stout figure. Eyes that rested appraisingly on the ring, the chain, and the stick-pin. Fingers that itched to wind themselves around the fat, glossy neck, but dared not. Fear struggled with greed in the deep, watchful eyes. Cautiously they waited for an opportune moment. And meanwhile drank to his health . . .

The atmosphere was growing more and more oppressive. It was no longer tolerable.

\* \* \*

Once more we found ourselves out in the street.

The street . . . An ugly, black gash; a filthy sore; oozing with matter . . .

Who are these creatures that wind their way through these narrow stinking sewers! . . . What are these limping, straggling shadows with the glazed and incomprehensible stare? And who are those with frozen smiles and varnished faces that accost them and bargain for a price of their indifferent embraces!

Here is one . . . quite close . . . She looks in our direction . . . Is approaching. She smiles. No . . . No . . . It is not a smile. It is a grin; a ghostly, pleading grin. Is she old? Who could say? Perhaps thirty . . . or fifty. Was she ever young? Was her face that is now ploughed deep with wrinkles, ever smooth and fair? And were her eyes always so deep set and underlined with such heavy shadows? And was that unhealthy luster always reflected there? She is quite near now . . . She speaks . . . She offers the remains of a woman's body without ceremony—in a matter of course manner . . . Very reasonably . . . We mumble a reply. And she is on her way again.

And who are those—there—on the corner, jeering at several intoxicated women?—they are the knights of the street; the princes of the tenderloin; the merchants of the illicit; the dealers in woman's flesh.

\* \* \*

We sat on the steps of a mission house—struggling with unconquerable sleep. The day was coming. The street lying, exhausted and weak, in the flabby gray of the morning, seemed to be slowly waking out of a dreadful stupor.

The sun rose, and coldly stared at the street. Objects assumed a clear and definite form. Main Street was now distinctly visible from where I sat. I could see her—broad and smoothly paved. I could see the great massive structures that respectfully reared their proud heads. I could see the architectural wonders of ages line in her clean swept walks. I could see the most exquisite art of centuries displayed in her gorgeous museums. I could see her repellant with magnificent jewel. I could see her huge libraries stocked with endless rows of books. I could see her ponderous institutions of learning. I could see her legislature halls where her wise men rule. I could see her roll on clean and dignified across the continents. I could see her roll back into history . . .

But I was not blinded with her splendor. I could see through her cloak of splendor and respectability. I could see beyond it—I could see the street . . . the street, her inseparable partner. The street of endless misery. The street, naked and ugly. The street that lies behind, and feeds the splendor and pomp of Main Street . . .



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## International Youth Day

**S**EPTEMBER second will again be the occasion for the celebration of International Youth Day in this country. Under the world leadership of the Young Communist International, and in the United States directed by the Young Workers League, the class conscious revolutionary young workers will gather at their meeting places to demonstrate against the social system that enslaves them, that sends them to bloody wars for their masters. They will meet to consider the problems which confront them, and these problems are very serious ones, ones that concern their very lives.

Aside from the daily slavery in the shop and mines and fields of Capitalism, where ruthless industry takes its yearly toll of the best of the race, the young workers face the imminent danger of being thrown into another world war. In almost every spot on the earth's map, there are situations which may momentarily develop to the point where the capitalists of one nation will engage the armed forces of "their" country in strife with the militarized workers of another land. The rich men's eyes still glisten at the sight of the natural wealth that happens to be in a nearby state. Oil, iron and coal spell POWER; and the mouths of the masters water with greed in their mad struggle for the world's resources. France in the Ruhr; the fight for the control of the Pacific and for watercourses elsewhere; the competition for concessions in poorly developed countries like Turkey, Mexico, China, etc.—all these are but different faces of the struggle for power.

And as the workers rebel against their being used as cat-paws in imperialistic ventures, they are suppressed by the combined forces of the State, and where necessary, the auxiliary forces of Reaction: the Fascisti, the Ku Klux Klan, Minute Men of the Constitution, "Citizens Committees" and other vermin.

In all these conflicts, the United States not only does not stand passively, but takes a very active part. With the interdependence of commerce and industry, no capitalist country in the world can stand aloof when others come to open combat. This was demonstrated by our entry into the last war.

The first victims of Imperialist wars are the young workers. They are the first sacrifices to the greed of their masters. They are the ones that come back, if they come back at all, without limbs, with wrecked bodies, shell-shocked, gassed, and helpless.

The next slaughter looms in the near distance. The black hand of Reaction is slowly spreading its fingers to cover the world's working class.

Young Workers! What are you going to do when the next war comes to tear you away from home? What are you going to do before it comes?

It is not sufficient to come to a meeting or a demonstration, to applaud the speakers, and then to go home with a feeling that your share has been done. You must join the organization which is fighting your battles in this country, The Young

Workers League of America. It is your duty to help make the League the mass organization it should be. By yourself you are impotent, your influence is nil. Combined with other young workers into a closely knit League, you can become a power to be reckoned with.

On International Youth Day this year, do not let the occasion go by without joining in the struggle for emancipation from misery and bloody wars, without helping to increase the strength of the organization, which is one of the leaders in that struggle, the Young Workers League of America!

## "Now That You Are Back--"

**I**N a few days school vacation will be over and the boys and girls in the grades and high schools, the young men and women in the colleges and universities will return to their studies. In the ranks of the Young Workers League are to be found many students, a large section of whom have but recently joined the League. To them it is necessary to say: More than ever now must you keep up your work in the Y. W. L., continue your studies in working class education. To the schools they are returning to, they will hear once again the old fables about the identity of interests of capital and labor, the radicals trying to uproot the institutions of this divinely ordained and consecrated (to Capitalism) Government. How easy for youth to rise in America, land of bounty—and the 12 hour day, child labor, militarized schools. No foreign entanglements—just supplying funds to the counter-revolutionaries in Russia to overthrow the workers' government there. No colonial troubles—just Americans butchering peaceful Haitians or giving independence to the Philippines by forcing liberty-lovers like czaristic General Wood upon the Filipinos. Riches everywhere in mills, fields and mine for *all*—except that those fields and mines and mills and schools are owned by the capitalists and they consider themselves the *ALL IN ALL* in America.

To those Young Workers League students we say: The Class Struggle is on, too, in the schools. That is where capitalism would "dope" the minds of the students that their bodies thereafter would be devoted to making profits for the bosses. You know these things. It is for you to point them out to the unawakened students, who 99 times out of a hundred, are sons and daughters of working men and women. Show them that the final struggle for freedom, begun 147 years ago, can only be ended when the working class, in the field and in the industries, the producers of socially useful things, whether by brain or muscle, takes possession of the powers of government and takes over the fields, factories, mills, schools, etc., in the name of the exploited workers and farmers, and run these industries, farms and institutions for the benefit of the workers.

## The Menace of the Fascisti

**N**OT content with having prostrated the labor and co-operative movements in Italy, the degenerate Mussolini is sending his emissaries to the United States in an effort to organize a Fascist organization in this country. The American Black Shirts already claim 35,000 members and they have already murdered at least two Italian workmen, the first in Nanty-Glo, Pa., and the second in Brooklyn, N. Y. They are entering the trade unions for the purpose of disrupting them and setting up a Fascist dictatorship therein.

Our industrial monarch, Elbert Gary, the 1st, approved of the Fascist dictatorship while in Italy recently, and his wife was decorated with the Fascist Order. Many of our "prominent" public men have also cackled forth their commendation of Mussolini's bloody reign. Of course, when the Bolsheviks assumed power, those same prominent men frothed at the lips



with speechlessness at the vileness, the audacity, the criminality of the Reds; for the working class had come to power. But when the halfwitted subject for a psychopathic ward, with insane Napoleonic delusions, rode into power at the head of a mob, financed by the industrial capitalists, all was good, all was calm, everything was "jake" so far as the master class was concerned. Mussolini, who had temporarily drowned the rise to power by the workers with an ocean of castor oil, who had wrecked their labor unions and burned their homes and labor temples, was hailed as a great statesman.

Now he is attempting to form the nucleus in America for another such attempt. And while the time for a Fascist, or any other reactionary coup in the United States is probably premature, the germ must not be allowed to breed. If we do not permit the development of the Fascisti in this country now, we shall the more easily be able to prevent its growth later, when a dying Capitalism will call upon its White Guardist organizations to break up the unions, destroy all other labor bodies, and prevent the coming rule of the working class.

To counteract the influence of the Black Shirts, the Anti-Fascisti Alliance of North America was organized by the Italian Chamber of Labor (N. Y.) and has already been endorsed by hundreds of trade union bodies all over the country, among them being such representative bodies as the Central Trades and Labor Council of Greater N. Y., the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union, the United Hebrew Trades, and others representing hundreds of thousands of workers. At a recent session of its National Executive Committee, the Young Workers League heartily endorsed and affiliated to the Alliance.

On this issue we can all unite. Let us scotch this snake before it has a chance to raise its poisoned head. Have your local League and other organizations affiliate to the local branch of the Alliance. The address of the Alliance is 231 East 14th St., New York City, N. Y. The General Secretary is the well-known trade unionist and fighter, Arturo Giovannitti. Informative literature may be obtained free from the organization.

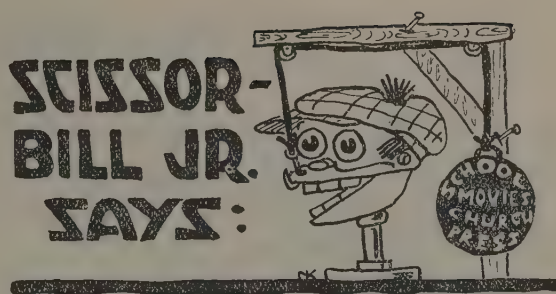
## An Unavoidable Step

**W**ITH the next issue (October) of *The Young Worker*, the price of this magazine will be raised to fifteen cents. We have tried for a long time to keep the magazine at its present price, ten cents, but we have been unable to do it. The price of the paper has increased; the cost of making up the paper has also increased, the printers in the plant we use are demanding a raise, and we are only too glad, in spite of our financial condition, to have the men paid their union wages. *The Young Worker* has been appearing with two color cuts, and the expense involved in that is very high. The typography, the appearance of the paper, has become very much better, and we are continually receiving unsolicited comments of approval and admiration.

*The Young Worker* does not want to go back to its original size, to its original lack of photographs and cartoons, and of all the added features which now contribute to its excellence. Quite the contrary: We want to have many more cartoons and pictures. We would like to increase the size of the paper to 32 pages if possible, to get more cartoons, and continue the practice of having two (or maybe more) color covers.

We feel sure that our readers will continue to buy the magazine at the increased rate, rather than see the standard of the paper lowered. We also want to see subscriptions come in rapidly, for the subscription price remains at \$1.00 until the issue of the December number. With that it will have to be raised also, to \$1.25 per year.

Support *The Young Worker*.....It is the only revolutionary,



First Political Prisoner: Say, comrade, I once heard that Upton Sinclair spent a whole week on a single paragraph to get the proper words to describe an incident in one of his stories.

Second Political Prisoner: That's nothing; I've been here four years on a single sentence and I fail to find the proper words with which to express myself.

Join the Navy and Live on Water.

"Think Six Students of College of Banking and Finance Held Up 50 Stores."

They must be freshmen. Wait till they graduate and enter the banking business. Knowledge is power!

"John F. Mudd Enters Race for Judgeship."—From the Baltimore Sun.

He should have no difficulty in winning. His name suggests his fitness for the job.

"Hitch in Allied-Turk Peace Pact Arises Over Navy." Better put more oil on the troubled waters.

H. SIDNEY BLOOMFIELD.

"The girls! O my God, how I hate 'em!"

Thus declared a wise bimbo who flayed 'em;

But certain fair Yowls

Let out lusty howls,—

(Their victim was found seriatim).

"Traits Which Make for Success."

The new office boy at the Amalgamated Pretzel Company was caught telling a lie.

"Do you know what happens to boys who tell lies?" asked Mr. Millionbucks, peering sternly over his spectacles.

"Yes," responded the young prevaricator nonchalantly, "as soon as they're old enough, the company sends them out as salesmen."

Barnyard Nuclei.

A rich guy with oodles of dough

Laments his prize rooster won't crouch;

He says: "You're a shirker—

Doubtless read *The Young Worker*—

Who would dream this red menace spreads sough?"

Bill Scissorbill, Jr. thinks that the Nep is some kind of a prohibition beverage.

—HAROLD COY.

classconscious expression of the needs and desires of the young workers of America. Help to make it the mass organ of the youth in the mines, the mills, the factories, on the farms, and in the schools.

All together for a bigger and better "*Young Worker*!"



# Are They Our Wars?

By JOHN WILLIAMSON

**A**S we celebrate International Youth Day this year, proclaiming our slogans of "Down with Wars" and "Unite against Capitalism," let us go forth from our meetings determined to go among the young workers carrying on vigorously that part of our duties headed "Anti-Militarist Activity." International Youth Day was born in the midst of the late European slaughterfest. The activities of the youth movement during these days manifested itself entirely in anti-militarist work. However, as the conditions changed, our work was of necessity diverted along other lines. Incidentally, one of the principal differences in function between the League and the Party at all times is the fact that the League activities must of necessity, as conditions warrant, take on different forms. One time it may be entirely anti-militarist, another industrial, and again, primarily educational.

At the present time we must try to balance our activities, giving to each field due consideration. From our understanding of capitalism augmented by everyday manifestations, we know that we will soon be plunged in the throes of another war. Capitalism here in America is alert and on the job. This summer in every large city one saw large paid advertisements calling upon young workers to take advantage of a month's free vacation at the expense of the government. In this fashion was advertised the U. S. Army Summer Training Camps. Add to this the two or three weeks training given under the guise of a free vacation by the various states. Also in every large university a two years course in military training is compulsory and each year similar training is added to the high and grade school curriculum.

The regular branches of the service are appealing for young workers to enlist, setting forth every form of bait to catch the suckers. The following figures from the Chicago Tribune, showing the relative strength of men under arms in 1913 and 1922, is interesting.

	1913	1922
Great Britain .....	106,514	80,919
France .....	666,743	450,850
Germany .....	836,000	100,000
United States .....	85,000	137,000

We see that the U. S. is the only country that has a larger standing army today than in 1913. And still the recruiting for more and more men continues.

It should be obvious to every young worker that this military training and preparation spells another war in the near future.

We know that wars are caused because the workers, young and old, create vast amounts of wealth, that must be disposed of in some foreign market. The capitalists, who exploit the several millions of children in the sweatshops of America, may reside in one or several foreign countries enjoying themselves. Just as soon, however, as one of these foreign nations squeezes in ahead of the U. S. by securing a market, either for the disposal of commodities or for the exploitation of the natural resources, a howl emanates from their camp, calling upon their government to come to their protection. And the government responds, calling upon the young workers to fight for "their" country. If we follow in details the causes and effects of war, we find that on the one hand the young worker is first the victim on the industrial field, where he creates wealth and receives only a small part in return. This surplus, which he does not receive, is primarily the cause of war. Secondly, he is the victim on the battlefield, where he is thrown against his brother worker of another country.

Comrades, are we again going to be fooled by the damnable lies of the henchmen of capitalism? Are we going to fight the battles of someone who is continually fleecing us?

Members of the League! What anti-militarist propaganda are you carrying on? It is our duty to utilize continually such training camp propaganda, etc., as a handle to guide our propaganda. Our stand against militarism is a militant one. We are striving for a society where there will be no cause for wars, but as Marxists, understanding the cause of war, we realize that as long as we permit ourselves to be robbed in the shops, war is inevitable. Therefore we do not weep and shed wishy-washy tears about war. The class war is no pacifist affair, and neither is our fight against militarism a pacifist fight. At this stage in the struggle our duty is to carry on a continual barrage of propaganda against all the recruiting agencies, whether they be summer camps, school training or Boy Scouts movements.

Let us be so active in this field that when the next call to support a "War to end wars" or perhaps to "Preserve the Christian (?) World," which should read "Preserve Oil"—the young workers of America will arise in one body and proclaim, "Yes, we will enlist in your armies and navies, but it will be to rid the world of such parasites as you. We care not whether you be a Rockefeller, Morgan, Gary or one of their political lickspittles, such as Harding, Daugherty or Wilson. Our only purpose in the army will be to rid the world of you and see that none of your kind returns."

This is no pipe dream, comrades. At least not if you get active and carry on the slogans of International Youth Day. "Down with War!" "Unite against Capitalism!"

## Brotherhood

Does it make you mad when you read about

Some poor, starved devil who flickered out,

Because he never had a decent chance

In the tangled meshes of circumstance?

Does it make you burn like the fires of sin?

Brother, you're fit for the ranks, fall in!

Does it make you rave when you come to learn

Of a clean-souled woman who couldn't earn

Enough to eat? Who fought, but fell

In the cruel, grim struggle and went to hell?

Does it make you seethe with an anger hot?

Brother, we welcome you, share our lot!

Does the blood flow quicker to your face

At the sight of the beast in the "holy place"?

Does it fill you with bitter rage and gall

At the sight of the trampled one, doomed to fall?

He is a brother in soul we know,

With head afire and heart aglow.

By the light in his eyes we sense our kin—

Brother, you're fit for the ranks, fall in!

Anonymous.





# Whatta Life! Whatta Life!

By WALT CARMON

**A** well known Canadian professor has declared that this world is going crazy. That in the short space of the next twenty-five years everybody in this world will be nutty, cuckoo, loony—will more or less have bats in their belfry.

In more scientific lingo, this was the joyful news the professor had to tell the world.

Unquestionably—he is wrong. Let us look at our world.

They who don't work—get the most to eat.

The workers who slave and toil and burn up energy—get just enough to keep on working.

They who have so much money their clothes need not last long—get the best and strongest materials.

The workers who thru lack of money need clothes that last long—wear shoddy garments that wears out quickly.

They who don't toil, need least rest—yet always have plenty.

The workers who do the world's work and need rest—don't get it.

They who have rested all day—ride in their cars.

The workers who are on their feet all day at their labor—must walk.

They who don't work—get two vacations, six months each, every year.

The workers are lucky to get one of two weeks.

They who have least children—give them the best of advantages.

The workers who have most—can give theirs none.

They who make wars and like them—never fight.

The workers who dislike them and have nothing to say in their making—do all the fighting.

They who have all the advantages to give the world knowledge—are useless to society.

The workers who supply the world's muscle—contribute the brain.

They who can't make this world go—own it.

The workers who do not own it—make it go.

These are just a few features of this world of ours.

Now professor, to use unscientific language, on the level, and only between you and me and the lamp post—you know you are wrong.

You know that this world of ours is NOT going crazy in the next twenty-five years.

You know dang well—or you ought to know—

IT HAS ALREADY GONE!

## Join the League!

"Explosion kills twelve in Akron, Illinois, cartridge factory. Five victims were killed outright. Six others died in a hospital. Mrs. Minnie Warren, one of those killed was the mother of ten children and had just started to work yesterday." News item.

What about Mrs. Warren's ten children? What of their future? How could Mrs. Warren be a real mother to the ten children and yet be away from them most of the time? Remember this, young workers, when you see the children of the rich class with mummies and all the good things of life. Remember that the young worker loses his or her mother who has to work hard so that she may buy her children something to eat, while the rich children have plenty, the surplus that their parents stole from yours. The mother of the young worker risks her life to earn a living while the mother of the rich lives in luxury and splendor from the sweat, and hard toil of the poor mothers who get killed just like Mrs. Warren.

That is why we are a fighting League of young workers—boys and girls. Do you think you ought to let such things continue to occur? Do you not see what a noble, soul inspiring cause we serve? Do you realize that you too, can help save your mother by abolishing the conditions that make such things possible? Then line up! Join the Young Workers League! The League of the happy, determined fighting boys and girls of the working class.

—H. Sidney Bloomfield.

## A Bound History.

Bound volumes of the eight issues of THE YOUNG WORKER of 1922 (which were all that were printed in that year) are now available in a very attractive, dark-red binding, gold lettered. We do not need to elaborate upon the value of having one of these volumes, but we wish to notify our readers that only twenty volumes have been bound, and that the early bird will get the worm. The price of the volume is \$2.00 each. Send in your order, cash only, immediately, to the national office of the Young Workers' League.

## The Luxemburg Letters

The league headquarters has just received another shipment of the Rosa Luxemburg Letters from Prison. The first small shipment was quickly exhausted, and it is expected that the second will follow the same swift course. The book is nicely bound and contains a good portrait of our martyred comrade. The letters are beautiful and show that she was not only a great Marxian scholar, but also had a universal love for art and literature. The letters are those of a brave heart who, in spite of the miserable persecution of her political enemies, kept within her a love for the finer things of life. League members and branches and all others interested in the life of the champion of the German workers should hasten to place their orders with the National Office. The price per copy of the book is 20 cents, or 15 cents if ordered in large amounts.



Workers Party and Young Workers League members marching through the streets of Maynard, Mass., on their way to huge picnic.



## With the Leagues

**T**HROUGH these hot summer months the Young Workers League branches are scrambling with hikes, picnics, outdoor meetings, sports and educational work. It is difficult for many to pull through; they have yet to organize themselves at the places of work and thus find that the League work will take on an impetus during the summer months.

### The Shop Nuclei.

Many branches report that they have insufficient members working in the same shop to organize shop nuclei. A few may be able to begin the transition from the present branch form to the shop nucleus through the formation of industrial branches, one of the transition forms. The formation of a number of School Nuclei when the fall terms begin is very likely. Despite the physical handicaps to the formation of many Shop Nuclei at present, nevertheless there is much encouragement to be found. For the comrades are studying up on the Shop Nuclei idea and learning its benefits; they are thinking more of the problem of applying politics and economic problems at the place of work. We note a change in the minds of the comrades from the letters which they are sending to the National Office, some of which are reprinted in "The Young Worker." The letters, instead of dealing with the routine activities of the league branch, speak of strikes, bad shop conditions, lockouts, remedies, etc. As the comrades try to find solutions to their daily battles in the shop, school, field or factory, they will see the imperative need of reorganizing the branches so that they can become powerful and classic fighting units, able to be called into action at any hour or day.

### Children's Work Hitting High.

Many Leagues are reporting the formation of Junior Sections of the Young Workers' League. We hope soon to give organizational form on a national scale to the Junior Section of the YWL. In another column is given a summary of some of the work in the children's field.

### Four More Leagues Organized.

As a result of Comrade Max Salzman's efforts in the agricultural and mining sections of Minnesota, we now have three more towns with a branch of the Young Workers League. These are in Florenton and Angora, farming communities, and Hibbing, a mining town, labeled the richest town in the world, the income per capita being greatest. Which sounds very nice, except that the miners are among the most poorly paid of any workers there. The YWL is now there to explain why and how to remedy that condition.

In Phelps, Wis., Comrade Riihimaki has succeeded after long efforts in organizing a branch. There are, to start, seventeen members.

In Norwood, Mass., Waukegan, Ill., San Francisco, Cal., Plainfield, N. J., Warren, Ohio, and Jamestown, N. Y., because most of the members are working out of town, there will be but very little doing till fall. Aberdeen, Wash., is preparing for greatly increased fall activities. The comrades sent in \$15 to the Day's Wage Fund.

The Detroit League is being reorganized and is planning on a big IYD celebration. Philadelphia has been lagging behind somewhat, but is now getting out of the rut. A new CCC has been elected and the new secretary, Comrade Hartman, writes that the comrades will do their utmost to put Philly back on its feet. An IYD celebration will be held. The Italian branch is doing good educational work, etc.

Carl Norberg, secretary of the Eben Junction, Mich., League is trying hard to hold the League together. He says: "The young folks around here are slow in waking up; they

don't realize where they should belong." But he proposes to keep working and make them realize that they belong nowhere unless they are in a revolutionary workers' organization.

Now that we have gotten the gloomier side done with, we can turn to some of the very much alive leagues. Paterson, N. J., Jewish branch, is carrying on educational work, and have responded to the Day's Wage Call. The Leagues organized in Minnesota by Max Salzman are all starting out well. St. Louis, Mo., has been a bit slow, because of internal difficulties, but now is making efforts to do some work. International Youth Day will be celebrated.

The Workers' Party district convention, held in August, resulted in a better understanding and co-operation between the league and party. Children's work is being started and the comrades are participating in the work to build the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. Kansas City sent Comrade Mass to the WP district convention at St. Louis August 12 to represent the YWL. The K. C. League is enlisting the services of Comrade Mihelic and expects to plunge forward again.

### Twin Cities Hold Joint Affairs.

The Minneapolis and St. Paul leagues held a joint meeting for Comrade John Williamson and discussed league problems. Williamson spoke for the league at an open air meeting where Magnus Johnson, Senator elected on the Farmer-Labor Party ticket, also spoke. The leagues united also on a hike on July 22, meeting at Fort Snelling (naturally looking over future Soviet arsenals). Their songs attracted a road construction gang nearby who came over and joined in the singing of the revolutionary songs. Minneapolis has a children's class and the comrades ask for more material, which we hope to be able later to furnish for all. St. Paul did well in the Day's Wage campaign.

Toledo, Ohio, YWL writes in notes saying the League is doing well. There is a quiet enthusiasm among the comrades. Bethlehem, Pa., YWL is very much on the job with educational meetings, entertainments, etc., and makes nice remittances to the National Office as the 10 per cent. share on the affairs. The comrades contributed to the Hungarian paper, Elore. They have a few new members. Newark, N. J., YWL will be doing much better, writes Comrade Ida Barhash, when the summer is over and the members take up the work with more energy.

Word came in just before going to press that the Rochester, N. Y., comrades are making a big effort to organize a branch on August 22. They are making big preparations for International Youth Day and have asked that a speaker be sent them at all costs. Comrade Stolz has been on the job for the league there and has been spreading our literature steadily. Now it is about time to produce organizational results.

Comrade Rudolph Harju of Frederick, S. D., YWL says the comrades are inexperienced, but that there are a few experienced comrades in the branch who are conducting the work in good fashion. The comrades, who are farmers, cannot afford any day's pay, since they are getting no pay. Frederick, S. D., is trying to obtain an IYD speaker from the Twin Cities.

The Monessen and Daisytown Leagues remain among the best and most active of our leagues. Comrades Schindler, George Jacobson and Carrie Maki are leading the work in Monessen and Comrade Helen Heinonen in Daisytown. In the summer months, in addition to the regular educational meetings, swimming parties, which have served to increase the comradeship, have been held. The leagues have ordered, besides the league literature, many books by Jack London, Upton Sinclair, Dreiser, Romain Rolland, Capek, and others.

The Massachusetts leagues—Worcester, Gardner, Maynard and Fitchburg—are on the job, as the pictures in another



section of "The Young Worker" indicate. Comrade Julia Schuller is working very hard with the Milwaukee Junior Section; very little else is doing at the moment. Of the league on the cold Superior shore, Superior, Wis., we have not been getting much information lately, but Comrade Salzman, who is up there often, reports that the League is keeping up its work. Buffalo, N. Y., is always on the go, Comrade Jackola being the mainspring.

#### The Big Towns.

New York proposed to make a start in the direction of Shop Nuclei by the organization of Industrial Branches wherever possible. International Youth Day will be celebrated in large-scale style at Webster Hall, which has a 2,000 seating capacity. The regular educational work is proceeding apace.

Cleveland, Ohio, YWL is making fast headway. It is increasing greatly its orders for all kinds of our literature. The comrades there want to get more closely in touch with the other leagues; Comrade Rebecca Sacherow suggests, therefore, that the comrades in the various Leagues correspond with one another. "The Young Worker" can be used as one of the mediums to discuss League problems. A Junior Section has been started. We expect a complete report on work to date any day.

The Los Angeles comrades are interesting themselves at the moment in putting over the Junior Section in good style. A report is given in another column.

Chicago still remains in the front row of activities. July 29 the YWL had a picnic attended by 800. In the local branches, lectures are being given regularly and the meetings are well attended. On August 14 a general membership meeting will be held to go over thoroughly the first steps for the formation of Shop Nuclei. The registration of the membership is pretty complete and the comrades believe they will be able to make a start in the reorganization work. The league, as Comrade Swabeck, Workers' Party District Organizer, states, is active also in the party work—industrial, technical and political. Educational work among the foreign-speaking members in the direction of union and TUEL activity must be conducted because, although 50 per cent. of the foreign-speaking YWL members belong to the unions, they are not very active in the TUEL or the unions. An attempt will be made to have a course of lectures on industrial work given in the Hungarian and Jewish branches. Nevertheless, industrial activity has

been picking up. Fifty-three new members have been taken in the past month.

Pittsburgh is rounding into better shape steadily. Comrade Pasternak, YWL organizer in this District, is developing into quite a speaker, being used frequently.

#### The Maple Leaf Forever.

With International Youth Day, the Canadian comrades expect to get the Fall work started. The League has issued its slogans for the day: Against War and Imperialism! Exposure of the Dominion Government's policy on immigration in its endeavor to flood Canada with cheap labor.

The Canadian comrades held Children's Week, the results of which we have not yet heard. One of its units, Cobalt, has issued a paper, "Toward the Light." Industrial registration is being taken preparatory to economic activity. Comrade A. Padgham of Vancouver, B. C., is working hard to make the Vancouver Young Communist League grow and writes that the League is growing. Comrade Leslie Morris, secretary of the Canadian Young Communist League, suggests that the Young Workers' League of Buffalo and the Young Communist League of Toronto hold a joint hike to Niagara Falls. This will be conducive to bringing the States and Canadian comrades more practically together through discussion of common problems, etc.

"We are moving forward here," writes Comrade Morris further, "although the material is rather undeveloped and naive. However, leaders can only be developed in the struggles we will be faced with, although at the present time it is hard work."

So—we are doing work, but not as much as we must or can. Industrial activity must be increased at once. Summer is fast disappearing; the moss-worn excuse can no longer avail; it is no excuse, anyhow. More activity in the unions and in the workshops.

International Youth Day is, we agree with our Canadian comrades, an excellent time to start the fall work going. Put your energies into the IYD celebration. If the leagues will put that over in good shape, all the comrades will be encouraged and will work harder.

Comrades! Don't always wait to be told what to do. Take the initiative. Try, experiment. Into the shops, factories, fields, comrades! Where the struggle is, there must you be. We are Communists. Let's show we are worthy of bearing the most glorious of names. Work! Work! Work.



Combined picnic of Workers Party and Young Workers League at Maynard, Mass. H. Sidney Bloomfield, Worcester Y. W. L., addressed the five thousand Communists gathered from all over the State.



# A Tour of Massachusetts

By H. SIDNEY BLOOMFIELD.

**T**HIS month we will visit the toilers in the industries of Massachusetts. Since we have not much space, we shall take a flying trip to glance into the various industrial centers of the most prominent state of New England, the old Bay State, prominent for its divers industries, such as Textiles, Boots & Shoes, Machinery, Foundry-products, Tools, Leather and Leather-goods, Wire, Hardware, Printing, etc.

We are in the State House on Beacon Hill, and the politicians hasten to inform us that the first law enacted on the American continent to regulate the hours of labor for children was adopted in Massachusetts in 1842. We are also told that "the enlightened interest of the people of this Commonwealth in the welfare of the employed child is reflected in the statutes designed to conserve the health and safety of the youth who *must* enter industry." And in looking over the statutes we find volume upon volume of laws—chapters, acts, sections, resolves, etc., etc.,—covering every phase of the problems of child labor. What a benevolent bunch of politicians find shelter under that gilded dome! All the laws are in the books—on paper.

We leave the State House and proceed on our journey. Everywhere, we see churches of all denominations. We meet a clergyman, who informs us of the wonderful spiritual influence the church has upon the "pee-pul" of the commonwealth. The minister tells us about the conference last spring in Boston—(Ye Olde Bean Town), held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., some churches, and teachers' associations. This minister was elated over the "success of the conference," which formulated a slogan that would surely save the "pee-pul" from sin. As a result of the conference the youth will henceforth be advised to "PLAY AND PRAY" as a cure-all. Some cynic in our group suggested "PLAY, PRAY AND PAY" as a more appropriate slogan.

On our way to the textile mills we met a college president, who informed us of the extensive educational facilities the old Bay State possessed. The educational institutions of Massachusetts give their graduates the degree of "Master of the Goose-step." Our friend, the college president, also informed us of the fact that not only were the colleges and universities in the Bay State well endowed with money by the wealthy business men, but there are special trade schools for boys and girls in practically every city of the commonwealth. We decided to visit these trade schools. These schools, we learned, are endowed with considerable amounts of money by the industrial barons and some of these schools are controlled jointly by the manufactures, of the city and the state. In these schools are trained the boys and girls of the workers. Beside the regular training in the various trades and crafts the youths receive an hour of patriotic and open-shop lectures every morning, so that when they enter the factories they may become skilled-scabs, and at the same time keep wages down by getting small wages themselves.

As we left the trade school at one of the metal-trades cities, we came upon a prosperous manufacturer who, during our conversation, informed us that there are 44 continuation schools in this state, with an attendance of approximately 30,000 children. Not only is Massachusetts a cultural and industrial center, it is the home of some of our most illustrious "statesmen." There is Vice-president Coolidge, whose "Law-n-Order" tactics broke the Boston police strike in 1919, for which you see he was well rewarded. The oil-statesman, Senator Lodge hails from the Bay State. He got only a few hundred votes more than his opponent, who almost dis-Lodged him at the last elections. The Secretary of the Navy, Weeks, got licked at the 1920 elections and because the voters of Massachusetts refused to send him

to Washington, Harding gave him his job for "faithful service." Then we have another Massachusetts' son . . . of-a-gun in the person of Speaker Gillette of the House of Representatives, and, Oh, yes! Richard Washburn Child is a Bay Stater. He is the Standard Oil-United States ambassador to Italy and "our" observer at the oil scramble at Laussane. With such an introduction you will doubtless conclude that the children of Massachusetts live in a veritable paradise. Don't be hasty, for, as you shall see, we have the rest of the story to tell.

From 40 to 45 thousand minors between the ages of 14 and 15 are employed in this state in normal times. Of its total child-population between the ages of 10 to 15, Fall River, Mass., employs 18 per cent in its textile mills. New Bedford, another textile city, has 17 per cent of its child population, between the ages of 10 to 15 at work.

During the world-war Massachusetts, like the rest of the states, was very patriotic. If you doubt us, take a look at the balance sheets of the Bay State industries. For, don't you know, the employers measure patriotism in terms of dollars and . . . oh, they don't bother about the cents, they give the cents to the child laborers as pay.

"Massachusetts cities, manufacturing foundry and machine shop products, recorded increases in child workers in 1916 much above the average: Cambridge, 90 per cent, Holyoke, 123 per cent, and Springfield, 145 per cent. The increase in the number of child workers was most striking in centers where children are not normally employed in large numbers; . . . Lowell, in 1916, suffered an increase of almost 400 per cent over 1915 in the number of children taking out employment certificates." During the year which ended on August 31, 1915, 3,342 children, who had never before held employment certificates, took them out in Boston. The next year this number nearly doubled, and in the period from Sept. 1, 1917, to Aug. 1, 1918, the number of children taking out their first certificates was 8,769. This information we obtain from the school records. Many children are "illegally" employed, but we do not know how many.

The Chamber of Commerce, and the various Business and Manufacturers' Associations rule this state with an iron fist. The adult workers are little organized and the workers that are organized in the textile and the boot and shoe industries are split up into countless independent unions, one fighting the other. This sad condition of affairs leaves the young workers to the benevolent care of the bosses. As a result the young workers are employed in the most hazardous work and are ruthlessly exploited.

In spite of the laws of the state (on paper), which are considered the most up-to-date in child labor legislation, the division of industrial safety of the Massachusetts State Department of Labor reports that: "In 1919, 233 orders were issued by this department for the exclusion of minors in hazardous trades, and 43 prosecutions occurred during the same year for the employment of minors on dangerous machinery. While flagrant violations of the statutes meet with prompt prosecution, such action does not constitute an adequate remedy for the evil. Imposing the maximum penalty under the statutes does not appear effective enough to prevent injuries to children." Of course, no method will be adequate for the employers because the laws are not meant for them in the first place.

In the year ending June 30, 1919, about 1,800 minors between the ages of 14 and 16 were injured in Massachusetts industries. About 115 children of the above ages were permanently disabled, i. e., crippled for life, in the three years from June 30, 1919, to June 30, 1921, and about 25 children of the same ages for the same period of time were killed in Massachusetts industries.



The injured and crippled enumerated above represents about 45 per cent of all the industrial accidents that were reported, i. e., less than one-half of the reported cases are tabulated. There is no doubt that many cases were not reported at all. About 40 of the tabulated injuries were caused by explosions (electricity, fires, etc.). About 20 cases were recorded as various diseases contracted while at work. About 450 injuries were sustained as a result of handling of and being struck by various objects. Textile, leather, metal working and other machinery sent the number of injuries up into the thousands.

One of the state reports has this to say: "Analysis of these figures throws an interesting light on the employment of children in the mills and factories of Massachusetts. The large number of accidents sustained by children on metal-working machines and leather-working machines suggest the possible illegal employment of the child." The report then goes on to state how

many children lost one eye, how many lost one hand or arm, legs, toes, fingers, feet, etc., which reminds one of the casualty lists we were accustomed to reading during the World War. The suffering of these child-slaves of the mills and factories of Massachusetts are of course beyond description.

Helen Sumner Woodbury, in her report of the conditions of the working children of Boston, gives the reasons for the children leaving school to go to work as "desertion by father, death of father or mother, earnings needed at home because of large family, low earnings of father, illness at home, etc. "This is the old Bay State, the home of the pilgrim fathers and the revolutionary fighters of 1776, of Bunker Hill and Lexington. The state that boasts of being the cradle of liberty is the hell-hole of capitalist industrial autocracy, where the bodies of children are mangled and pressed into dollars for greedy capitalism.

## Marxism Applied on the Job

By JOHN EDWARDS.

"COME out of your 'Marxian' cellars into the open and participate in the every-day struggle of the young workers," is the cry of some of our speakers and writers, in order to stimulate action. Now, this may apply to small Marxian sects or groups in this country, who are pure "book Marxists," sitting around in their little groups splitting hairs as to whether their next soap box speech should be on the "Materialist Conception of History" or "Marx's Criticism of the Gotha Program," neither of which would be understood by the average young worker.

However, we are not bothered with this disease in the Y. W. L., except insofar as our organizational structure is concerned. This is built along territorial lines at present, having a tendency to keep us isolated from the masses of young workers in their every day struggles. Our present branch, made up as it is, of young workers in different occupations, has the tendency to become a debating or social club or a mere mutual admiration society. These assertions are proven by the following facts; Firstly, because we have no direct contact with the masses of young workers in the large scale industries; secondly, the job problems of each member being different, they cannot be discussed to the interest of all in the branch; and thirdly, from this lack of knowledge of the everyday problems we can only theorise about them.

Marxism in the last analysis is a guide to action; not a certain set dogma, like religion, but rather a tool in the hands of the workers to shape their tactics in gaining their emancipation. Therefore, instead of "Come out of your 'Marxian' cellars," we say APPLY your Marxian knowledge gained in the study class on the job thru your shop nuclei, thereby gaining experience in the practical application of theory.

We should never belittle the significance of a theoretical understanding of the class struggle. We must bear in mind that in order to be leaders of the exploited young workers, which everyone of our members should become, we must have a clear understanding of the historical development of capitalism and the working class movement arising therefrom.

Armed with this knowledge we enter the factories paying particular attention to the conditions of the job, analysing them from a Marxian viewpoint in our agitation, thereby drawing the bulk of the youth into the struggle for the betterment of their conditions. We must never forget, however, to point out to them the political nature of capitalism, rendering any gains such as shortening of hours or increasing wages only of a temporary nature. The complete freedom of the young workers can come about only thru the abolition of capitalism and the establishing of a Workers' Council Republic.

## The Day's Wage Campaign

The following League branches have already sent in their contributions for the Day's Wage Assessment. Other branches will send in their contributions in one lump sum.

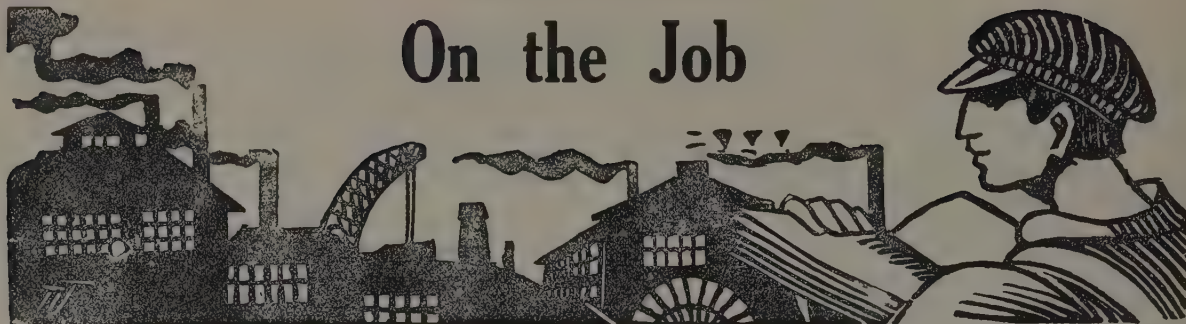
Day's Wage Contributions—June 1 to August 4, 1923.

Buffalo (N.Y.) Y. W. L.....	\$15.00
Chicago (Ill.) Y. W. L.....	162.25
Rochester (N.Y.) Y. W. L.....	10.00
Pittsburgh (Pa.) Y. W. L.....	27.50
Cromwell (Minn.) Y. W. L.....	1.00
Maynard (Mass.) Y. W. L.....	25.00
Cleveland (Ohio) Y. W. L.....	17.00
St. Paul (Minn.) Y. W. L.....	16.95
Aberdeen (Wash.) Y. W. L.....	15.00
Paterson (N.J.) Y. W. L.....	6.00
Newark (N.J.) Y. W. L.....	15.00
Total.....	310.70





# On the Job



## In Schwab's Domain

Bethlehem, Pa.

Dear Comrades:—

First of all, the Bethlehem Steel Co., or Charlie Schwab's plants, are divided into four divisions. The length and width are respectively  $3\frac{3}{4}$  miles and with 84 different shops, employing 14,000 men.

Several weeks ago, wandering thru the different shops, the first one I hit was the Merchant Mills, where steel rods are rolled. There I saw nothing but young workers, ranging in age between 13 and 25 years. When I had asked one young slave if he had investigated the job before taking it, he answered, "No, I couldn't help but take it." Here in the shop there are about 65 per cent young workers, slaving from 10 to 14 hours a day, and 60 to 72 hours a week, and the place is in such terrible shape, that with any mishap you are bound to be carried away in one of Schwab's Steel Slave Ambulances any day. The employers make particular efforts to get young fellows first, and there are many 13 years of age, as they work them young.

They have night shifts, starting from 5 P. M. to 7 A. M. next morning. The work is monotonous—just pulling redhot rolled steel rods from one roll to the other steam rollers, continually, from night until morning. Then if the young fellow is lucky enough to hold on to his job, he may have his hand cut off from all night's jerking.

Wandering thru the shop office of the Merchants Mill I saw a young worker lie in a stretcher carrier, one foot and his chest severely burned by working near the furnace. He must have been about 15 years of age. After a half done treatment he was taken to St. Luke's (Butcher Shop) Hospital.

In the steel foundry I saw the sight of a group of young workers, mere children of 12 to 15 years, who are hired as apprentices for 3 or 4 years, with an agreement made out so that if you fail to work every working day, you lose a portion of your promised tool expenses of \$100.00 offered by the bosses for your 3 years as apprentice boy. After killing yourself for that time you may receive the starvation wages averaging \$17.00 to \$22.00 a week.

Then, on the open hearths of Schwab's Steel mills, I also found young workers working 10 to 14 hours and the 24 hour shift on Sundays. I spoke to one of the slave youths and he explained how he was hired.

"When I got hired as a furnace door puller I got good wages and steady days; after working there about a week I was told to work 24 hours Sunday and the night turn the coming week. We dare not speak of long hours or you are liable for to be on the rolls of the Black List, with all kinds of abuses and threats."

Several thousand young workers are affected by the 12 hour day in the Bethlehem Steel Co. of Charlie Schwab's; and yet his lieutenant, Eugene Grace, vice chairman of the Bethlehem Steel Co., stated that if possible he will continue his notorious 12 hour shift, fearing that he won't have sufficient hands if the 8 hour shift will become the regular system!

Fraternally yours,

—Adam Hoffman.

## Needle Workers Need Nucleus

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Comrades:—

I think it will be of interest to the readers of this paper to know the conditions of work in one of the biggest clothing factories of this country. A few weeks ago I got a job in what I thought was one of the best shops of its kind, owing to the fact that it is almost one hundred per cent organized. The first few days it did not seem bad at all. The managers and foremen treated the workers well and the union seemed to have considerable strength. But after I took a good look around and talked with some of the girls I began to notice one thing after another that aroused a doubt in my mind as to whether it was such a fine place to work in. And now as I think of the conditions in this shop which is so well organized I only wonder how it is in those shops where the boss has all the say and the workers none. The first thing that strikes one upon entering one of the shops of this factory is an absolute lack of space and air. There are from six to eight long tables across the whole shop about four or five feet apart and from twenty to twenty-five girls and fellows bent over the machines, sitting so close together that their elbows almost touch. Day-light is supposed to come from the windows on the two opposite sides of the factory, but one of them is stuck up right against the wall of another factory so that even those who sit by the windows have to work with artificial light. The other side opens into a small court and only two sides of this court get good light besides the smell of burnt onions from the cafeteria in the morning and the scorching sun in the afternoon. The whole rest of the shop never sees any light except the little electric lamps directly over the machines. Ventilation is provided by electric fans on the average of one to fifteen or twenty workers and when some girls that had to sit in the sun asked for one they were told that there were not enough fans and what was needed elsewhere. The many million dollar company could not afford enough fans and as a result of it it is quite usual to see a girl faint during one of these hot days. The piece workers get a fairly good wage but they must turn out a tremendous amount of work in order to provide for the long black periods when there is nothing to do. The week workers are hired with the understanding that it is a permanent job but as soon as the work gets slow they are sent home and the lost time is deducted from their wages. Loafing or slowing down is absolutely not tolerated and every minute is carefully checked up. In this manner the workers have no chance to talk to each other except for the ten or fifteen minutes that is left to them of their lunch hour after they spent the rest of the 45 minutes waiting in the line at the cafeteria and eating their lunch. There are 4 or 5 Y. W. L. members working in this factory and we wanted to bring some "Young Workers" in order to interest some of our young fellow workers in the organization but we were warned by an old timer not to do it because every little parcel is examined at the door and should they find any of this "insidious" literature we would immediately loose our jobs. But



that does not prevent us from bringing one copy at the time and we hope to be able to organize a Y. W. L. nucleus very soon. There is plenty of work for a nucleus and it is our one bright spot in the future. When we organize it I hope you will hear of our work through a letter in the YOUNG WORKER. Yours for action, —Nat Gomez.

## Slaves of the Prune

Vancouver,

Dear Comrades:—

About ten miles from Portland, Oregon, across the Columbia River lies the historic little town of Vancouver, Wn. This town was founded about 1820 by the Hudson Bay Co. and used as a trading post by the Indians. For various reasons, geographical and otherwise, the town did not grow into the Columbia River metropolis, so we find it today still moving along in its small town ways with a population of 12,000.

However the country adjacent to the town is rich in growth of fruits and berries. Especially true is this of Italian Prunes, the bulk consumed in the U. S. coming from this district. Since fruit and berries are perishable it is necessary to preserve same in cans for distribution among the consumers of the world. Herein lies our little story.

Located in Vancouver on the banks of the beautiful Columbia River is the Oregon Packing Co., one of 400 plants owned by the gigantic combine known as the California Packing Co. Employed therein we find between 400 and 500 women the great majority being young girls. From 150 to 200 boys, principally high school students, are also employed. The packing industry being a seasonable proposition and the fact that the fruit ripens quickly causes no limit to the hours employed. All employees are supposed to be 18 years of age but it is a well known fact that many are only 14 to 16 years. As long as there is fruit piled up for packing, the plant never closes and many times these young workers are on the job for 24 hours straight. With very few exceptions all work no less than 12 hours per day. No extra wages are paid for overtime (on the basis of an 8 hour day.) It is a common sight to see girls and boys starting work at 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning and I know personally, cases of youngsters being sent home at 1 and 2 a. m. in the night when the particular fruit they were working with ran out. Another vile practice this company has is to deduct the time, sometimes 2 or 3 hours, that it is necessary to wait until a fresh trainload of fruit arrives, the same being held up on the railroads for several hours sometimes.

Recently a few young workers talked unionism among these youthful slaves but rapidly found themselves separated from the payroll of the company. Since then several guards as they are called, but in reality stool pigeons, have been employed to protect the faithful against any insidious propaganda.

This plant in Vancouver is only one of the 400 where young workers are exploited unmercifully for such long hours and low wages. The average American town with its "Main Street" and its "Babbits" is a tough proposition to organize. Vancouver goes one better and all the "respectable citizens" are organized in the "Prunarians" (probably this is where the slang term "you poor prune" derives its meaning). However, as the activity of our Pacific Coast branches of the Y. W. L. increases and all our members get on the job spreading our propaganda, we will make inroads even in the small towns, because the "poor prunes" are exploited just as harshly as we city slaves. Our message is being received with enthusiasm throughout the country wherever presented. It is up to our members to follow up and crystalize this sentiment into active Y. W. L. units.

Yours for action,  
—J. W.

## Fighting Finns Organize League

Cloquet, Minn.

Dear Comrades:

Am a member of the Young Workers' League of this little sawmill town called Cloquet, newly built from ashes since 1918, when the big forest fires ran through this joint and the whole Nor'west.

Cloquet grew up fast because the three sawmills that remained now are the backbone of this town. Cloquet was a lively town for a while after the fire, and increasing with its old settlers. And then comes a cut in wages and all the food products kept rising to the highest point.

This was more than the workers could stand, and they began to organize and hold mass meetings and united into one of these numerous craft unions which was called the Timber Workers of the World; we went on strike May 1, 1919, and we stood strong for a while, but in our own lines there were traitors or yellow sneaks who went to scab. We all know what this means—it weakened our power. But still we fought with hope. Finally our front got thinner, and at last we only had a small force of us to fight against the company. Most of us were Finns, who had courage to fight until orders came from headquarters to let Weyerhaeuser, the Lumber King, have his victory.

Some went back to work, some got blacklisted, some served terms behind the bars and some had to leave town. This is how we came out with our strike. This is what the world's might, Capitalism, offers to Labor so long as we do not get together. We must get together, hand in hand, and, in one front, fight against the world's capitalistic class. We must organize and get together, win together and rule together, and break the chains that Capitalism offers us that we so far have carried just to make profits for the Slave Holders.

\*Cloquet now has a population of 600, and about 20 per cent. are Finnish, who own the Workmen's Hall, where we hold our meetings four times a month. Comrade Max Salzman was here and got us started, and now we have about sixteen members, and all seem to be interested in this league.

I am and will always be with the Young Workers' League and will do my best in the struggle for freedom from Slavery. I remain,

Yours in comradeship,

—Emil Fuura, Sec'y.

## Firing the "Reds"

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Comrades:

I just thought that the following incident would interest you enough to have it printed in "The Young Worker."

This last month is considered to have been a very poor one for business in the department store line, which gave the salespeople quite a bit of time to talk. Besides myself there were three salespeople, two of whom were university boys and one high school lad; one cashier and one inspectress.

The staff happened to be discussing poets, philosophers and so on, and the argument drifted through religion and then into the class struggle. In the argument I began to point out the condition of the slaves in Gary's mills, when one of the boys suddenly called me a Socialist. "You are one of those that wants to divide everything up."

Don't bite the hand that's feeding you, one of them said. I told him that if I did not work I would starve, so my own hands fed me. Another said: If you don't like this country, get out; there is a train leaving every minute. I told him: I like the country very well, but I thought the management rotten, and I thought that those who did the managing were puppets and tools of Big Business. I cited the injunctions against the workers who struck for better pay and hours. I



told them that any one who attempted to speak for a better government was jailed and given heavy sentences; that many foreigners were disfranchised on account of wanting to vote for socialists; that in such places as Gary's mills they were told how to vote or they lost their jobs, and that they valued their jobs only because they had big families to support.

The cashier began to get sarcastic, making such remarks as: There are two kinds of people I hate, the Jews and the Socialists. Later I saw him and the inspectress in conversation with the floorman and that they were looking at me. The floorman went to the phone, and later I saw the superintendent in caucus with him. I then said to one of the salesmen: Goodby, my job! He wanted to bet me that it was not so. At 5 o'clock I was called to the superintendent's office. He looked at me strangely at first, and then said: Well, Mr. Harris, we have to reduce the staff of your department, so please hand me your card. I told him that there were others in the department that were not so long in the employ as I and that I was the only one familiar with the stock, but not a word said he. But I knew that I had been released for saying something that sounded Bolshevik, because just previous to my conversation with the staff I was to have been promoted with a high recommendation from the manager.

The boys in the department would not believe it at first but when I showed them the card they were convinced. They said: That's dirty, rotten.

I think that some of them realized that there was something to what I had told them, for one of them accompanied me to the Young Workers' League branch meeting later. Before I left I reminded them that this is the land of free speech. *Bah!*

Yours for action,

—A. Harris.

## Sweating 'Em Good and Plenty

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Comrades:—

Sears Roebuck & Co., the big mail order house in Chicago, has always had the reputation of being one of the worst sweat shops in the city. I had often heard people who were employed there speak bitterly of the place, curse it and swear they would quit rather than continue to be exploited and mistreated any longer.

I was employed in the order filling department, at the magnificent sum of eighteen dollars a week. The work seemed simple and easy; all one had to do was to report at the department office, receive a stack of orders, walk around to the different bins, collect the articles, (hats, in this case) bring them to the shipping department and go back for another stack of orders. It was easy to stall or kill time, as the manager and his assistant could not keep track of all the order fillers walking around among the long rows of bins.

It seems that Sears, Roebuck and Co. employed several parasites known as "efficiency experts," that is men who were there to devise ways and means of increasing the speed, efficiency and productivity of the company's employees.

After several brainstorm these gentlemen introduced the following system in the order filling department. First a large blackboard was hung in front of the manager's office, containing the name and check number of each order filler. Then each order filler, as he reported at the office for another stack of orders was forced to count the number he or she received and report it to the assistant manager who would then mark it on the board, next to the name of the individual order filler. At the end of the hour the amounts would be totalled up and the winners, those who had filled the most orders, would be praised while those who were far down the list would be bawled

out and threatened with discharge.

Most of the employees at Sears Roebuck are young boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five. They were very susceptible to praise and flattery and as a result did not see through the trick that was being perpetrated upon them. They would race around the floor, issue challenges to each other and jeer at those, who, like the writer were not anxious to wear themselves out for the mere pleasure of being praised by the manager.

Another objectionable feature at this place was compulsory overtime. If at the end of the day there remained many unfilled orders, that had to be shipped that same day, the manager would order some of us (generally those who were the slowest in the races) to remain after regular working hours and finish up the work, this regardless of whether we wanted to work overtime or not. At quitting time the manager would stand at the exit and check up on those who left in order that some of us might not try to sneak out.

Most of the young workers are attracted to the place by the alluring ads in the daily papers. "Good working conditions, high wages, bonuses, free vacations, etc." These are some examples of the cheap ads that can be found daily in the Chicago Tribune, The Daily News, and other papers.

Besides the regular employees there are also hundreds of school boys and girls who work there after school hours and earn a few paltry dollars which go to swell the paltry wages of their parents. The wages are very low, in fact lower than in many other industries. Beginners receive fourteen or sixteen dollars a week with the prospect of a "raise," after several months faithful service. These raises seldom materialize, as proved by the fact that even the married men working there do not receive more than twenty-five dollars a week, and few of them receive that.

The above mentioned facts should entirely refute the arguments made by Samuel Gompers that there is no necessity of creating a special department in the American labor movement; namely, a special department that would inaugurate a campaign to organize the young workers in such industries, as for example the mail order business, where the overwhelming majority of the workers are young workers under thirty years of age.

—Martin Gordon.

## "Hello" Girls Interested

Providence, R. I.

Dear Comrades:

A few Sundays ago the United Front of Labor held a picnic, where we heard a report given by the delegate from the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. The telephone operators, who were out on strike at the time, were invited and attended. The Young Workers League took part in the sports and propaganda and helped to make everything successful for the event. The operators were so pleased with the affair that they were very anxious to know when the next one will occur.

Arrangements have been made for a like next Sunday morning, August 5, and we've invited the telephone operators to attend. We will end our hike by journeying up to the headquarters for our regular meeting, at which Comrade Weeks will make an address.

We are now trying to organize a branch at Olneyville, R. I. Also, we have elected a press agent (Other leagues take notice. —Editor) so that the National Office will be informed of all our work, and we hope that the reports will also be printed in "The Young Worker."

Yours for the Cause,

Louis Siegl,  
Mildred Kominsky, Press Agent.



## Bookannale

passionate belief of Upton Sinclair and the universal sympathy of Gorky.

**W**OMEN of 1923 (Women's News Service, \$1.00) is an exhaustive directory of the activities of women all over the world. In politics, in the arts, in governments and in social service, there is such a compilation of names as to make one doubtful of the existence of so many women. It is needless to say, however, that the feminists who issued the directory, gave Russia only an inch. Clara Zetkin a line or two, and such women as Lenin's wife, Henrietta Roland-Holst, Sylvia Pankhurst and hundreds of others who are doing more for women and the workers in general than the whole shooting-match of the well-to-do "social workers," are not even mentioned. Communism is evidently taboo, even in an "impartial" directory.

**O**NE of the best little handbooks on the subject of Child Labor is The Meaning of Child Labor, by Raymond G. Fuller (A. C. McClurg & Co., \$1.00). It makes a clear distinction between Child Labor and children's work. The former is characterized as "the premature and excessive labor of children, prematurity being regarded from the standpoint of the child's right to childhood, and excessiveness from the standpoint not only of his powers but of his needs. It is unsuitable, unprofitable work, whether or not in the so-called 'gainful occupations.'" The effects of child labor on health, on education, on school attendance and upon the mind are shown by irrefutable statistics from official sources. Mr. Fuller also indicates that employment of children tends to lower the wages of the adult workers. This is very important, and should be well considered in our campaign for the unionization of the youth. The author asks not for any compromising legislation, but for the complete abolition of child labor. It is unfortunate that in spite of this clear stand on the question, Mr. Fuller should end up with an intricate code which would never be followed out by those to whose interests it is to employ children at a lower wage than that which they would be obliged to pay to an older worker. Justice to the child worker will only come with the removal of the incentive to exploit his body and mind.

**O**NE of the most important books that has yet been written so far as the work of the League is concerned is From Isolation to the Masses, by Richard Gypner (Young Workers' League, 15 cents). The pamphlet shows in simple language the shortcomings of our present form of territorial branch and the inability of that form to attract to us the mass of the youth in the basic industries. The importance of the young workers in the large scale industries is proved and followed up by pointing out that the only way to form a revolutionary youth organization is to be organized on the basis of the shop nucleus. Comrade Gypner draws from the experience of the Russian Young Communist League and shows how effective its work was because of its shop nucleus form of organization. Every possible objection to the reorganization plan is

answered conclusively, and it is shown that every part of our work can be done better by the shop nucleus than by the territorial branch. It is essential that the members of the league are thoroughly acquainted with this excellent booklet before any steps are taken to transform the present form of the branch.

**L**EON TROTSKY has already earned the reputation as the most brilliant pamphleteer and polemicist of this decade. But there are very few who know him as a literary critic. Already, in Russian and German has been published a book of his which criticizes from a Marxian viewpoint the various literary and artistic tendencies of present-day Russia. When one thinks of the Herculean tasks of Trotsky in governmental affairs, the greatest admiration is aroused to think that he works in the movement, in the Communist International, keeps in close touch with the artistic movements of his time and still has time, after a hundred and one other things, to write his reminiscences of the year 1905-1907, My Flight from Siberia (Young Workers' League, 25 cents). On November 15, 1906, he and fourteen other members of the Moscow Soviet of 1095 were sentenced to life-long exile to Siberia. The book is as exciting as a novel of adventure, for it describes the harrowing ride on a reindeer sleigh to the road leading to freedom, always with the fear that the drunken peasant that drove him would be the cause of his being overtaken and recaptured by the Czar's minions. The description of the drives through the snowy wastes and the pictures of the backward Yakut people are not easily forgotten. It is not only a literary work of excellence, but as fine a tale of adventure as one could possibly wish for.

**T**HE WORKERS' INTERNATIONAL, by R. W. Postgate (Labour Pub. Co., London, 2s 6d), is a history of the First, Second and Third Internationals. The account of the First International is by all means the best and most exhaustive, giving a mass of data which is unobtainable in any other single volume: it takes up the best half of the book. The Second and Third are not so fortunate. The Second in particular suffers from a passing brevity of some six pages devoted largely to the summary of Bernstein's Revisionism as the underlying cause of the downfall of the Second International. The Third International receives only slightly better treatment, but that treatment is much more sympathetic. However, the appendix, which contains indispensable material, and the history of the First International, which gives in detail the struggle between the ideas (and the personalities) of Marx and Bakunin, is surely sufficient to warrant one's buying this well-written book.

**N**O better book could be recommended to those that are not yet well acquainted with our movement than The Fundamental Problems of the Young Communist Movement (Young Workers' League, 15 cents). Its ninety-one pages contain in very simple language an exposition of our stand on every phase of the movement, and a reading of the book will go a long way

**T**O the few books written in America which truthfully picture the late war should be added Through the Wheat by Thomas Boyd (Scribner's, \$1.75). Though the action is not so vivid and the conviction not so strong as in Three Soldiers, and while the characters are much weaker, more vaguely sketched than are those of Dos Passos, the book is an honest account of the average buck private in the army. Hicks is no John Andrews, nor is Pugh a Chrisfield, but each of them is human. One the advantages that Boyd's book has over Dos Passos is the absence of the glaring smears of color that spoiled the latter volume. Through the Wheat describes the movements of a part of the American Army through the wheat fields of France. The narrative is steady from the beginning to the end, when Hicks from shell shock and the sight of his dead buddies and the stinking corpses all around him, becomes crazy. For those who still are enchanted by the hypocritical lies about the nobility of war and about "our boys Over There," a reading of Boyd's book would be an excellent purgative. The domineering officers, the pompous captains and majors, the unnerving whir of shells and of the hours before an attack, the sight of one's mates looking like human beings one moment, then shot to pieces or crippled the next, ending up as a nauseating mass of clayey tissue which yields to the touch—all these are enough to turn one's stomach and mind from the glamor of romance and "he-man" action and comedy with which such writers as Guy Empey and Private Peat had surrounded the first accounts of the awful slaughter.

**A**NOTHER faithful account, not of a war at the "front" but at home is Steel: The Diary of a Furnace Worker, by Charles R. Walker (Atlantic Monthly Press, \$1.75). Walker, discharged from the army, decided to go to work in a steel mill to learn the business from the bottom. In this issue of THE YOUNG WORKER will be found a letter from Adam Hoffman on conditions in Schwab's domain. Walker pictures the same thing with greater detail, of course, but not with the bitterness of the letter. He seems to be more taken at times with the romance of the production of steel, the white flood of fluid metal and the powerful men who supervise the processes, than with the murderous twelve and twenty-four hour shift, which he vigorously condemns, as would any one that had done actual work in the blistering hell of a furnace. It is just this enthusiasm for the "romance of steel" that keeps the book from being an important social study. For myself I can see nothing beautiful in a man being dirty, blinded by sparks and working so many hours a day (and night) that he is unable to devote a minute to his home and wife and children. The Hunkies and Wops and Russians whom Walker tells of will be the basis for a better society, where work will not be the evil influence that it is today. It is the lack of a solution to this horrible condition that makes Walker's book lukewarm in comparison with, let us say, the



toward clearing up much of the confusion that still exists as to the position of the Young Communist movement. There are many comrades who do not yet know just where we differ from a Communist party; the fundamental differences between us and the Socialist Youth organizations; just what our function is on the economic, educational and trade union field; how and under what circumstances we can achieve our aim—the Socialist reorganization of juvenile labor; the method of carrying on our anti-militarist work, and many other questions that need considerable clearing up. Some months ago the League received a few copies, which were immediately distributed and eagerly received and read. Now we have a larger supply on hand, but if the orders are not sent in with dispatch they, too, will be gone. The point of this remark should be evident to all intelligent Leaguers.

TWO good textbooks have just been published by the British Plebs League, which, with a little ingenuity applied by teachers in substituting American examples for the British ones given, can be used in classes run by our Leagues. The first is the Outline of Economics. Originally published in the Plebs Magazine under the title of Economics Without Headaches, it fulfills the promise of its first title. It analyzes Capitalist production, exchange, banking and commerce from a Marxian point of view, adding to Marx's original theories the actual phenomena that have appeared to substantiate them completely. There is also a very valuable appendix giving a historical sketch of the thinkers before and after Marx. The second handbook, An Outline of Modern Imperialism, could also be used by us to good advantage in our struggle against Militarism and Imperialism. While the detailed theory of modern Imperialism was best stated in Pavlovich's Foundations of Imperialist Policy, the Plebs book outlines the growth of Imperialism

in each of the large capitalist countries, such as Great Britain, France, America, Germany, Russia and Italy. It shows how events led inevitably to the World War; how the peace treaties were imperialistic documents. The effect upon the working class and the duty of the working class in combating the fundamental cause of imperialism, the capitalist mode of production and distribution of commodities, is clearly indicated. The only fault that might be found with the book is the vague ending, which may have the effect of dividing the attention of readers from the economics to the morals of the question. While the economic basis of imperialism is stressed, the injection of the subconscious motives of individual imperialists tends to cause confusion. On the whole, however, the book is invaluable to any one that is active in the movement for the abolition of Imperialism and its sire, Capitalism. Both outlines can be obtained in the United States from the Walden Bookshop, Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill., for—if I remember correctly—75 cents.

—Francis Kade Zinman.

## With the Junior Groups

REPORTS coming in from the various leagues show that the work of organizing Junior Groups is proceeding rapidly. The branch and city directors in charge of this work are showing by their actions that no stone is being left unturned to bring into existence a powerful children's movement within the next six months.

LOS ANGELES, through Comrade A. Lyons, tells us: To commence with, I must say that it was a very successful meeting. There were not as many adults as we would have liked to see, but there were present over 150 children, who appeared very enthusiastic. We had a nicely arranged program arranged that consisted of piano solos, poems and sing-along, but not least, a playlet entitled "Springtime," the outline for which was taken from the June issue of the bulletin for the leaders of Communist Children's Groups. The last part of this skit transported the audience into a scene of actual revolution. The strains of "The Red Flag," red flags waving, followed by the singing of the "Internationale" and the audience joining in the chorus, etc. We have collected \$11.35 for the new children's paper, which we are enclosing. We have also gained new members. *Now our slogan is 100 members, and we expect to get them soon.*

On July 22, the Monessen and Daisytown, Pa., Young Workers' Leagues, in conjunction, celebrated Children's Week. Comrade Schindler writes: "We had a meeting, with a program arranged that consisted of piano solos, poems and singing by the junior section, an excellent speech by Comrade Pasternak and a minstrel show, which consisted of a chorus of eighteen children, who were uniformly dressed for the occasion, and they certainly made a hit with the Workers' Party comrades who participated. As a result of this week a Junior Group consisting of fifteen members has been formed. We expect to have wonderful results from our younger comrades who are showing a great enthusiasm for the league." Helen Heinonen is also on the job, determined to help this group grow bigger and stronger.

SOUTH BEND, IND., is on the job with the rest of them. The comrades celebrated International Children's Week by arranging a picnic of our Junior Group, where there was fishing, strawberry patch raids, etc. "We also had," says Comrade Szigety, "the singing of 'The Red Flag' and a discussion out

there in the open air. We are holding Educational Meetings for the children each Sunday afternoon, at which we try to get recruits for our group. Since we organized on Sunday, June 3, we have made good progress and will keep it up. Comrade M. Sklarr, as our director, is helping the group to function in accordance with our Children's Program."

CHICAGO, ILL., can now boast of three Junior Groups, with a membership of about seventy. International Children's Week was celebrated by a hike to Michigan Woods on the twenty-second of July, at which a variety of political games were played with the Junior members. A feature of the day was the organizing of the children into a Red Army, which surrounded a Boy Scout camp in the woods and sang the "Internationale" and distributed our local bulletin for the Junior Groups, "The Young Comrade," which we print by hand on a mimeograph machine. Besides the work in our own groups we are actively participating in the work of the United Workers' Sunday School in this town. Comrade Eddie Cohen, our City Director, has been elected supervisor over this school, and in a short time we expect to win it over to our method of organizing the working-class children.

NEW YORK CITY says that Comrade H. Zam is participating in the work of an existing working-class school and results are expected from him in a short time. Comrade Ida Dailes has been elected City Junior Director, and her big task at present is to get the branches to pitch into the work.

BUFFALO, N. Y., is also on the map in this field. Comrade P. Hansen, City Secretary of the Workers' Party, is lending full co-operation to the Y. W. L. in an endeavor to organize a Junior Group.

The full reports on the results obtained from International Children's Week have not as yet been compiled. Some of the leagues that arranged meetings and demonstrations have not sent us word of the results which they obtained. In Minneapolis, Milwaukee and Boston we have functioning Junior Groups that have set aside one or more days of the week for their celebration. We expect to hear shortly from those towns where there are prospects of a Junior Organization in the near future, such as Cleveland, Toledo, Maynard, Mass., and Cromwell, Minn.

This work has been started with a push. Get behind the



# City Fragments

By IDA DAILES

THE sun comes to that street as an elegantly dressed lady comes to a poor home, making the bleakness of the room more marked by contrast with her splendor. Chimneys, house-tops and sky spread a patchwork crazy-quilt overhead. Garish motion picture and burlesque houses make their bids for stray dimes with bizarre displays of violently colored posters that shout suggestive and sensational titles at the passer-by. The rows of houses lean democratically against one another, each seeming secure in its consciousness of the other's ugliness.

West Madison Street on a Wednesday afternoon.

A stranger to the rough young city of the West, I was seeing the sights. It was interesting to compare this "City of the Big Shoulders" to its more sophisticated elder relative in the East. So we walked up West Madison Street . . . a memorable walk.

Desplained and Madison. Rows of shabby men sitting on the high curb. A battalion of the great reserve industrial army of capitalism—the unemployed. Men of all types; great-shouldered, thick-fingered lumber jacks and harvest hands; thin, worn-out dishwashers and sandwich-men. This is the slave market, and here they are compelled to congregate. Men who cannot afford the luxury of a home and family, coarsened and brutalized by contact with hard realities. Sitting and boasting of past exploits, spitting tobacco juice, lying like hell.

Further up Madison Street a sight to turn the stomach and make one weep at the impotence of dreams of a smooth-running world. No! dreams are not enough.

A bleary-eyed loony-looking fellow. Of indeterminate age. Stumbling along and talking to himself out loud. Mumbling indistinguishable words. Eyes glazed and wandering. Torn shoes on his bare feet; shabby, worn suit on his naked body. Jacket open and thin, crooked fingers scratching frantically at the meagre chest. Hands scratching restlessly, ceaselessly. The whole body and mind lousy with dirt and disease. On he

stumbles, mumbling and scratching, seeming oblivious of his surroundings.

We walk on, our tongues silenced and our brains busy with impressions.

A woman's cracked voice screeching obscenities. Soused to the ears . . . stealing a march on life, a few moments of forgetfulness and abandonment to her most vile thoughts. Dressed in the fashion of a quarter-century ago. The clothes badly-fitting, wrinkled, threadbare. The big floppy hat tipped back on her head. Stringy gray hair under the hat and under that a face on which life has written an ugly story.

She reels along uncertainly, pouring filthy words out of her mouth and laughing raucously. Girls with rose and white enamelled faces pass her by with an understanding grin. Hardened by a few years of the life.

She is angry; full of memories of lustful nights, resentful because she is no longer useful. Likely the booze came from one who, younger and more fortunate, had been generous; had grown sentimental at the thought of her old mother or had imagined herself in the hag's position.

The woman reels over to a slender, timid young girl who is passing, and blocks her path. She stands before her and spews forth a stream of abuse and obscenities. The girl is bewildered and seeks to escape, but the woman blocks her path at every move and finally clutches at her clothes. She cannot express her blind rage any other way. She dances back and forth in front of the girl, screaming.

In desperation, the girls ducks to one side and wrenches herself free. She runs as fast as her slender young limbs can take her . . . away from the horror of this drunken old hag.

The drunken woman's voice rises to a hoarse, hysterical shout, and her dreadful oaths after the retreating figure of the girl.

And we? We have seen enough. Our minds are sick with the tragedy of this degradation. We leave this horrible street with its mumbling, scratching man and its reeling, screeching woman; with its physical and mental filth.

But we can never forget them . . . we cannot forget.

## Birthdays in September of Political Prisoners

Birthdays in September of political prisoners confined in American prisons are announced by the Workers' National Prison Comfort Club, 2933 Chestnut St., Milwaukee, Wis., as follows:

At Leavenworth, Kansas, Box No. 7—Sept. 5, Harry Lloyd, Reg. No. 13164; Sept. 13, Roy P. Conner, No. 13564; Sept. 13, Pete DeBernard, No. 13565.

At San Quention Prison, San Quentin, Calif.—Sept. 14, Mickey J. Dunn, No. 35564; Sept. 15, Frank Bailey, No. 37647.

At Kern County Jail, Bakersfield, Calif.—Sept. 8, Felix Thornton.

At Sioux Falls, S. Dak., Box 911—Sept. 17, Frank Godlasky.

At Repressa, Calif., Folsom Prison—Sept. 22, Louis Allen, No. 12026.

Cora Meyer, National Secretary, invites friends and sympathizers to send birthday cards and letters to these political prisoners. Money is advisable for gifts. Books and publications must be sent directly from the publishers.

James Price, who recently was remembered, writes: "The many remembrances were as a slender stream of colden stardust that flashed across the dull greyness of the bars, softening for a moment their harsh, hard bleakness."

Warren K. Billings writes: "It is a great pleasure to be thus remembered by friends throughout the country, and I appreciate the attention. Shall be delighted to hear from them any time they feel inclined to write."

(Continued from page 20.)

National Organization in its attempt to publish a children's paper. With a national organ of our Junior Section to help us in our work we are bound to meet with success.

## Do Your Share!

On another page of this issue will be found an announcement of the rise in price of THE YOUNG WORKER from 10 to 15 cents per copy. It is not necessary to explain again the reason for this unavoidable step. We believe that the comrades all over the country will intensify their efforts to gain new readers and subscriptions, even though the price of the magazine has been increased. This month we were obliged to print a single-colored cover because of the extra money involved which we could not afford to expend if we charged only 10 cents for THE YOUNG WORKER. But with next month, as the magazine is issued for the first time for 15 cents, we intend to have a two-colored cover, and every month thereafter. With the increased return to us, giving us the necessary financial leeway, we will try to make the magazine so attractive that it will be very easy for comrades to secure subscriptions. Comrades should take a leaf from the book of Comrade Urho M. Tynjala, who does not even live in the United States, but in the obscure town of Saintula, British Columbia, Canada. He is always sending us subs by the bunches, and only last week he sent in twenty-nine subscriptions in one letter. The subscribers had been gathered not only from Saintula but from the entire section of the country in the Northwest. Strength to the arm of Comrade Tynjala, we say, and may his kind increase! And it is up to the Leaguers all over the country to increase his kind!

—The Manager.

Let us be determined that we will give life and reality to our International slogan, "Every Child an Agitator!"



# Your Last Chance!

Before the Price of the Young Worker Increases

Although the price of the YOUNG WORKER is to be increased to 15c per copy, we have made an arrangement whereby the annual subscription price of \$1.00 will remain in effect until November 30, 1923. We urge you to take advantage of this offer, in combination with one of the three books named below, before the subscription price is raised.

The YOUNG WORKER makes the following combination offers to all readers:

## The Goose-Step

by Upton Sinclair is one of the most remarkable books of the year. It is a scathing expose of the capitalist control of the universities and colleges of this country, written in a

manner which makes it more interesting than a novel and interspersed with biting satire and humor. It is being sold by the thousands all over the country and you cannot speak authoritatively on the subject without having read the book.

The regular price of the GOOSE STEP is.....\$2.00

The regular subscription to the YOUNG WORKER is.....\$1.00

OUR OFFER: The GOOSE STEP and the YOUNG WORKER.....\$2.25

## Communism and Christianity

by Bishop Wm. Montgomery Brown has been one of the one of the most popular booklets of the last few years. It has been translated into

practically every living language, and was publicly commended by Leon Trotsky, Soviet leader, in one of his speeches. It has already gone through numerous editions amounting to more than 180,000 copies.

The regular price of COMMUNISM AND CHRISTIANISM is.....\$0.25

The regular subscription to the YOUNG WORKER is.....\$1.00

OUR OFFER: COMMUNISM AND CHRISTIANISM and the YOUNG WORKER.....\$1.00

## The Government-Strikebreaker

by Jay Lovestone in the most original piece of working class literature that has been written in America. With facts drawn exclusively from capitalist and governmental sources Lovestone proves that the government has

acted as a strikebreaker for the bosses in every great strike during the last few years. A most readable volume, it has been commended by everyone, and you must own a copy if you wish to be up to date in your knowledge of American industrial and political developments.

The regular price of THE GOVERNMENT—STRIKEBREAKER (cloth) is.....\$1.50

The regular subscription of the YOUNG WORKER is.....\$1.00

OUR OFFER: THE GOVERNMENT—STRIKEBREAKER and the YOUNG WORKER.....\$2.00

## Which

of these three offers will be YOUR choice? In order to take advantage of any of them you must send in the proper amount of money with your order, cash only, immediately. THESE OFFERS ARE VALID ONLY UP TO NOVEMBER 30, 1923. Do not let this opportunity go by without grasping it!

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